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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 13 No. 2 60p

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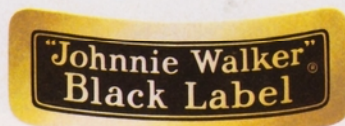
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SCENE



This month's centre girl Amanda Sue Adey is the latest in a long line of *Mayfair* maids to make the transition from successful nude to successful advertising model. Amanda's centre-set was shot a year ago which, as we work three months ahead, meant that her photos were held over to this winter, and in the interim period, she's shot to prominence as a photographic model, promoting everything from fashion to cosmetics. Amanda tells us she won't for the time being be doing any more nude work, so take one of the last opportunities you'll have of seeing her bare.

Live sex shows, common in Scandinavia, Holland and Germany but hard to find in Brit-

ain, may seem the ultimate in voyeuristic enjoyment, but a new twist is suggested by this month's fiction *Realsex & Partners*. By *Mayfair*'s fiction editor Gerald Cole, it describes a couple who act out the sex fantasies of paying clients. 'Not based on personal experience,' Gerald maintains, 'but it seemed to me an ideal money-making combination of voyeurism and exhibitionism with fun for all involved. It'd also beat watching television . . . !'

An astonishing book called *The Vice Revolution* (Viking, 95p), has recently come our way. By investigative writer Michael St George, the book purports to detail the many facets of the prostitution 'industry' in this country at present - and highly startling some of the revelations are too. We were, for example, amazed to learn of a place in London's Earls Court known as 'The House of a Thousand Delights' where a 40-25-38 blonde prostitute called Lindi caters for every sexual taste imaginable - at a price. Though we reckoned ourselves pretty well-informed as regards London's more esoteric sexual goings-on, we must admit to never having heard of this particular establishment and can't even begin to guess in which part of Earls Court this 'red-doored house' is. Do you

have any idea? Let us know if you do, and perhaps we'll send our Nightlife Correspondent along to satisfy your, his and our collective curiosities.

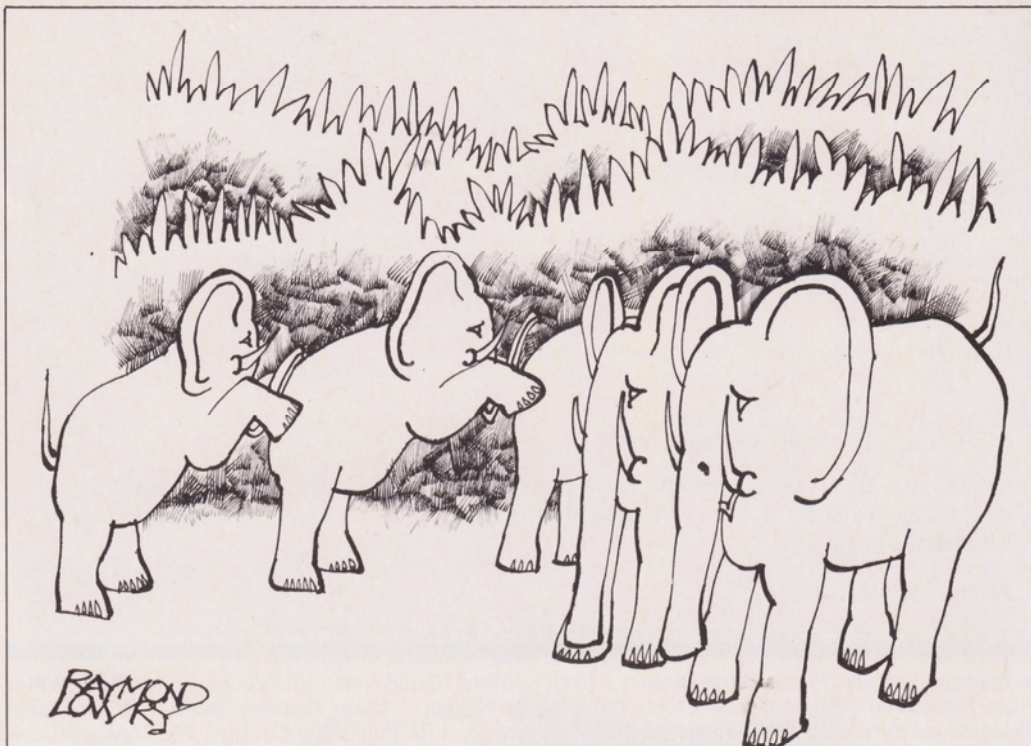
From the sublime now to the ridiculous, because if there is one thing that lightens our bulging post-bag each day it's cuttings from your local papers detailing the funny, the irreverent and the plain daft. Take for example this headline from Ireland's *Sunday Press*: 'He's Top Of The Tossers. Big Dick Beats The Best In Europe.' Pretty raunchy stuff, eh? Especially from a country whose press censors have eyes that make eagles look myopic. Before you start flexing your wrists and heading for the Emerald Isle though, we should in fairness point out that the headline referred to a chap called Dick Pilkington who won a European sheaf-tossing contest. Of course you realised that all along, didn't you?

Back in November, we published a *Quest* interview detailing intimate goings-on in a box at the Royal Albert Hall during a promenade concert. 'Ridiculous', scoffed some of you, 'it couldn't possibly happen.' Oh no? As it happens, a *Sunday Mirror* report confirmed our view that some strange things can happen behind those heavy red velvet drapes. During one

of last year's proms, a couple spent the best part of the programme hidden from view in their curtained box. Urged on by promenaders however, the girl in the box finally pulled the curtains aside, turned her back on the audience, raised her long skirt and then pulled down her knickers to reveal a delightfully bare bottom. As BBC commentator Tony Scotland informed his listeners: 'That certainly was no head.' What next, we wonder. Fellatio at the Festival Hall or cunnilingus at Covent Garden?

Making his *Mayfair* debut this month is cartoonist Vernon Kirby whose three-page set on the funny side of fig leaves begins on page 19. Fig leaves? 'I thought it a good idea for *Mayfair*,' explains Vernon. 'The Adam and Eve theme is a bit worn, so I thought I'd give it a new slant.' Vernon, who's 42, has been cartooning for the past twenty years and has seen his work published in *Punch*, *She* and virtually every national newspaper. 'I got a bit discouraged with cartooning a while back,' explains Vernon, 'as the financial rewards aren't that great, but I'm very glad now that I started up again.' So are we.

Well worthy of a mention also is *Laughing Matter No. 2*, subtitled the 'best of the best of British humour' (Topaz, £1.75) which includes contributions from, among others, Victor Borge, David Niven, Harry Secombe, Peter Ustinov, Patrick Campbell, Marty Feldman, Tony Hancock and Barry Norman. Edited and compiled by Kay Batchelor and Keith May, *Laughing Matter* contains 144 pages of non-stop gags, cartoons, misprints, and extracts from many celebrated books - David Niven's *Bring on the Empty Horses*, for example. One of our favourites comes originally from *The Wit of Peter Ustinov*: 'A man visited Israel and asked to see the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. He was taken to a marble mausoleum near Tel Aviv and on it was carved; 'Herman J Ginsbergh (b. 1883 d. 1917)'. He said: 'But I thought the soldier was supposed to be unknown?' The guide replied: 'As a soldier he was unknown - but as a furrier . . . !' It's bound to raise more than a smile.



'Oh God, are they ever going to allow us to forget that they were once in show biz?'

WORLD LEADER



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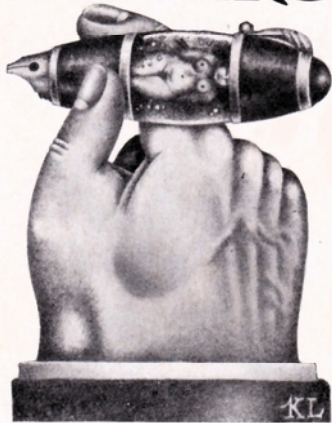
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LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

As a girl, I was most interested in the letter from Mr F of Ealing concerning the Sealed Knot. I am another 'happy lunatic' spending most of my free weekends re-enacting English Civil War battles. I am a musketeer in the Sealed Knot Royalist Army, which many people think is an

unfeminine thing for a girl to be doing. Females who remain camp followers sometimes think that we miss out on the romantic side of things, but this is not so. Personally, I find being attacked during a battle by a lusty six foot roundhead musketeer or pikeman indescribably exciting – the uniforms enhance almost any man. Also after they have killed me, they generally give me the kiss of life. And sometimes this is followed by 'What are you doing after the battle?' The only thing I do envy the camp followers is that they sometimes get flogged, a pleasure that I have not yet experienced. But I live in hope.

The Sealed Knot is full of male Chauvinist Pigs, thank goodness. I have been a SK member for four years and I wouldn't give it up for anything. At a SK muster you find yourself transported to an entirely different world, the crazy atmosphere entirely absorbs you. It's like a marvellous fantasy come true. The only thing lacking is Prince Rupert himself.

Miss Louise O'Connor, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey

Long ago, it seems now, as a young man of fourteen I acquired my first man's magazine. Glossy, but printed in black and white only. In those



little books of fifteen years ago I found some memorable pictures of a certain lady who made my pulse gallop – June Palmer.

It seems incredible that June was about twenty-one then and that all I could think about was her fabulous bosom and pinch-inviting bottom.

It's taken me until Vol 12 No 11 of Mayfair to appreciate her beautiful, delicate nose, pretty eyes and sensuous, yet generous lips. If this sounds like a love letter then that's what it is. June, you are magnifique!

I will probably never meet you but the memory of my boyhood daydreams will be with me till long after I'm passed it. Perhaps we will see you again

in Mayfair, a further ten years on, when I'm a balding granddad and you are still a mellow Venus at 46.

V P, Blackpool

Just for you, Mr P. . . .

I have been a connoisseur of Mayfair since my student days at Keele University, and I thus consider myself an expert on the feminine form. Having said that I feel a question must be asked. There seems to be great similarity between Claire of Vol 12 No 12 and Stephanie of Vol 12 No 8. Claire appears to be the younger of the two. Are they sisters? And if so, what are the chances of a family get together?

Dave Small, Hereford

Afraid no chance, Mr Small, the two girls are not sisters. They just both share sex appeal.

As a regular reader I have reluctantly – and for the first time – to confess to being a bit disappointed in Quest for Vol 12 No 10. Although the theme of surreptitious sex, was excellent I thought the interviews rather tame, and in contrast to my own experience. I hope readers might find the following incident amusing. I had been invited to a party being given for one of three very attractive sisters.

We – the guests and the sisters – were all in our early teens and, of course, in those days sex was a forbidden subject in mixed company. Kissing games were the highlights of such parties but it was considered very naughty to try to put one's tongue in a girl's mouth, and to attempt to touch her breast was not only very daring but in some cases was tantamount to a marriage proposal.

We played the game of Postman's Knock and I found myself in the darkened hall, kissing the eldest of the three sisters. Perhaps it was because I had a reputation for being a fast character and, as is generally admitted, the cad always has the edge on the nice-boy-from-next-door.

Anyway, I was kissing a very responsive partner, so much so that after the first couple of kisses on the mouth, I tentatively essayed the tip of my tongue between her lips and – to my surprise and gratification – found it being welcomed. Within a few min-

turn to page 106



'It's going to be one of those days.'



Probably the only Dutch masterpiece
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PAM

PHOTOGRAPHED BY EDWIN DREW

Doing her own small bit for industrial relations last summer at the Huddersfield factory where she then worked was 19-year-old Pam Henderson whose 35-23-35 was on picket duty outside the factory gates. 'It was all very good natured really,' recalls Pam. 'Our dispute only lasted a couple of days, but it was really funny when this van driver turned up to make a delivery. The girls on the picket line told him he wasn't allowed in, so he turned to me and asked if I was a picket too. I told him I was and you'd never guess what the cheeky-so-and-so said next.'



Pam grins. 'He said "Show us your knickers, love, and I'll turn round and go home." I did too! Just a little flash, but it gave us all a good laugh. The driver said he hoped we'd all stay out for ages if it meant he'd get a look at my knickers every day! Not,' Pam adds sternly, 'that I make a habit of showing myself off to everyone that asks, but he was quite dishy so I didn't mind being a little bit flirty with him. Well, it's all fun, isn't it? I really liked working at the factory. Can I send my love to the girls? I had to leave when we moved to Wakefield and I work in a shop off Westgate now. It's a lot cleaner and quieter than the factory, but not as matey if you know what I mean.' Pam stifles a giggle. 'And I'm not in the Union any longer either – which is probably just as well. Any more knicker flashing and I might have pioneered a whole new way of settling disputes. Mark you,' she says becoming thoughtful, 'it would certainly liven up the news on TV, wouldn't it?' Pam laughs. 'Maybe I'll have to rejoin!'







Could it be the ultimate
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on your living room carpet

Realsex & Partners

Fiction by Gerald Cole

Smudged smoke daubed the white horizon, like greasemarks on the window-pane. Caroline cooed: 'Take my knickers off, darling. My nails are drying.' Sniffing, I wheeled from the picture window. Hyde Park, ten storeys below, grew conspiratorial in the evening light.

Caroline swaggered to her feet, shedding porn mags and Sunday papers. Her talon

fingers spread in mock surprise. Red lips curved through a shimmer of natural brunette. She purred as I smoothed black silk over soft, fatty-padded thighs. 'Oh bloody Christ, you've shaved it!' Where thick bible-black curls had scooped her mons like a negro's hand was a pencil-thin line, multi-barbed and brief, fingering the first crease of blushing flesh.

'Caroline - !'

Stung, she lifted wide eyes. 'I went to a party. I couldn't look like a freak, could I?' I stared. 'That's our livelihood! How bloody natural does that look!'

'Spoilsport!' she moaned, beyond argument, swivelled a generous globular bum and squatted, inelegantly, over a floor-mounted auto-dildo, present from a Dutch inventor client. Soft pressure set it in juddering motion. 'Creamy, dreamy . . .' Her head arched, raining hair on smooth white shoulders.

My slipper kicked the thing from under her; she sat abruptly. 'Save it!' I bawled, anger overcoming logic. 'No climaxes on company time!'

She grinned up at me, 'Who's a jealous boy, then - ?'

The trilling phone forestalled the explosion. I padded to the coffee table, lifted the receiver, snapped: 'Realsex. Can I help you?' 'Is that Realsex?' A middle-aged voice, plummy and quaking. I breathed deep; too abrasive and he'd hang up, and we needed the cash. 'I wonder if it would be possible

to book a performance - ?' Caroline trounced past nudely, heading for the shower room. I breathed out.

'Of course, sir. When would it be required?' Hurrah for the English passive tense, bleeding the language of personal responsibility. 'I was thinking, really, as soon as possible -' My eyes scanned an empty bookings list.

'This evening, nine o'clock?'

'Impossible!' echoed Caroline through an open door.

Plummy grew effusive in his agreement. I scribbled the address. Hampstead. Add ten per cent for the view.

'You know our charges?' He wouldn't but it wouldn't matter. It didn't.

'I was thinking, actually - ' the words gushed - 'a reluctant fiancée, something along those - '

'The scenario, I'm afraid, is entirely at the discretion of the performers,' I interrupted. 'Of course! Of course!' He couldn't have been more sure.

I put down the receiver.

Penitent, I stood in the shower room doorway, watched steam obscure my feet.

'Look, you know I'm sorry - '

'I know you're a sour-tempered pig!' Her shoulders squared under the shower's monsoon. Some comfort in 'pig' - 'sod' meant a cancelled show. Taking heart, I lifted my eyes. There is precious dignity in a towel-turbaned head.

I tried to ignore it.

'Caroline, we've had a slack week, stuck

here with only each other for company -' Her look narrowed on me, suddenly stiletto-sharp.

'What are you laughing at? What are you laughing at?'

I ducked an out-flung arm. 'There's nothing wrong with wrapping your head like that - '

Frown cracking, she spun out of the shower to hide it.

'Dry my back,' she ordered. Revived, I snatched up a towel. I tried to catch her lowered eyes in the mirror.

'He wants the reluctant seduction bit.'

'Good!' Her eyes lifted fractionally. 'I can be vile to you!'

'The viler,' I beamed, 'the better!'

'Pig!' she spat. Everything was fine. The show would go on.

Rising onto the heath road, our headlamps hooked a froth of bushes, splashing colour onto a huddled arm-in-arm couple. Middle-aged faces gaped guiltily, were gone in a squeal of tyres.

'Slower, darling, slower,' purred Caroline. 'We'll miss the turn.'

Smiling, I eased back the throttle. We hadn't talked since Camden. Now enthusiasm warmed like a fur coat.

Caroline, my sleeping partner in business and in bed. Consummate actress, true blue to her well-practised heart - utter genuineness, utter enjoyment her key to sexcess. A peach, a plum, she was pure fruitiness unbottled.

I caught her ever-curious look in a side glance. Sensuousness of face and form belied by prim plaid skirt, cream blouse and pearl necklace, the electric crackle of pure nylon. We'd met at a rare-for-me disco; the club of a friend I'd PR'd for. Tight jeans, sloppy kaftan, a ringletted rug of hair, she'd danced awesomely, passion the single restraint. I could see the eye-bright males stocking up wet dream tidal waves. Imperfection, it occurred to me, was her coup de grace: a face marred to measure by a nose unstraightened at birth. A body too lush to be statuesque. In a stricter age I'd have married her. Today pleasure's profit made a fiercer bond.

'Here we are!' I swung the MG through tall privet; gravel exploded underneath. A driveway looped abruptly and I braked.

Curtained bays glowed discreetly. The facade was vertical redbrick, looming like an expensive cliff. I should have added fifteen per cent.

Resigned, I opened my door.

'Wait darling.'

Twisting in her seat, Caroline kicked a make-up bag into the foot well. 'Get me ready.'

I showed my watch. 'We're ten minutes late - '

'Come on - '

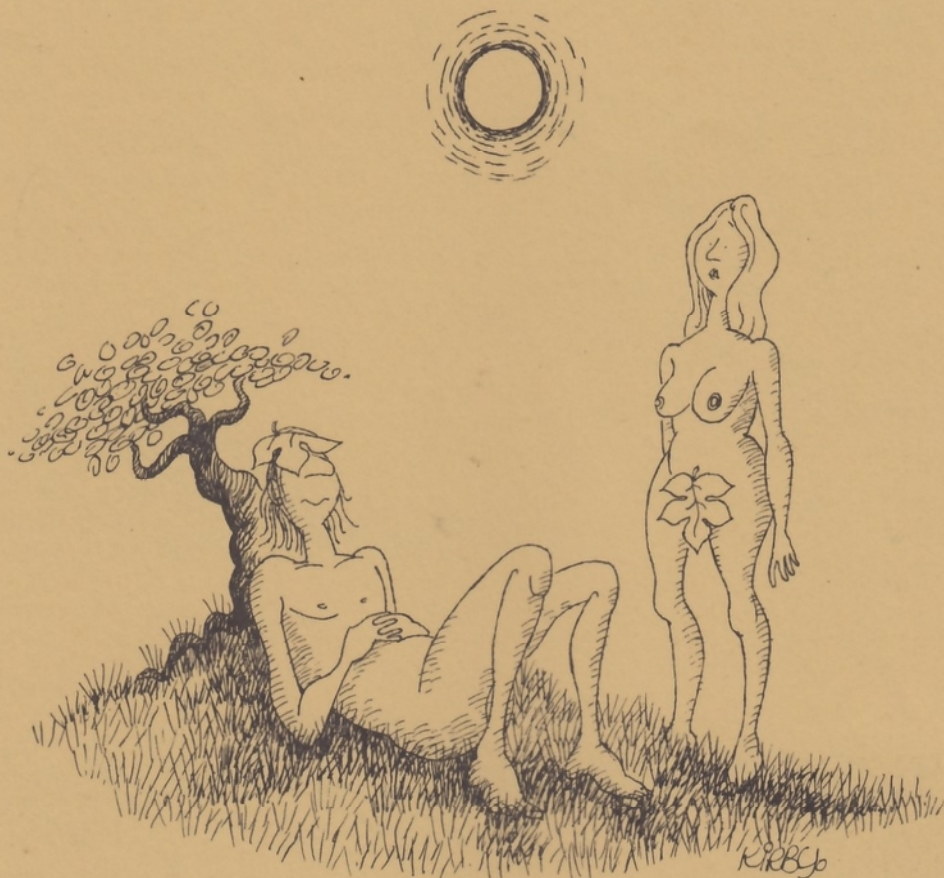
Sighing, I turned; her arms lifted, snaring me in musky warmth. Her lips worked, full and demanding; her tongue darted.

'Carol - '

Slim fingers entwined mine, drawing them down. Easing herself down the leather, legs rasping apart, she brought two beneath her plaid, gripping them hard against her

turn to page 35

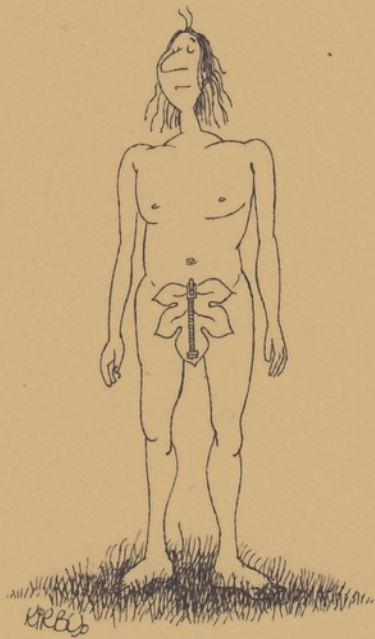




UP AND ADAM

When modesty arrived in the Garden of
Eden, muses cartoonist Vernon Kirby, perhaps Adam and
Eve turned over an erotic new leaf





'For Heaven's sake, give me time to undress.'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Does life really begin at forty? Or even fifty? If you're a self-styled 'randy granny' called Felicity Mason with a *penchant* for virile young lovers, the answer can only be affirmative. Mrs Mason's autobiography *The Love Habit* (Blond & Briggs, £4.95), written under the *nom-de-plume* Anne Cumming, reveals her prolific sexual adventures with the dozens of young men she's cheerfully seduced in her fiftieth decade. Take this instance for example: One night, two young men help her undress – they pull off a boot each, then her panties, but they leave her with her black stockings on, wrapped round garters to hold them up. Smiling to herself at the sight of tell-tale bulges inside pyjama trousers, she washes carefully between her legs ('with two of them, we were sure to get into oral sex,' she explains) then returns to the big pillow-bed in their

studio and helps the lads undress.

For a moment she looks them over – one all muscles, red-haired and heavy set, the other smaller and paler though perfectly (as the saying is) formed. 'They are certainly a turn-on,' she says to herself before leaning forward to take the initiative.

After a while, the heavy one speaks. His tongue seems swollen, as if pounding blood had filled his head. He turns not to the woman, but to the other man.

'Which end do you want?'

But he doesn't wait for his friend's answer. A domineering type, he is the first to raise himself from the couch in order to kneel between the woman's legs and pull her onto his ready spike. This elementary manoeuvre leaves the other with little choice, though that little is pleasant enough. He straddles her chest and, as she raises her head, slips his penis into her willing mouth.

Next morning, since the exhaustingly delightful experience turns out to be no mere dream, she wakes to find her cavaliers, one each side as the night before all ready for her

with erections in their sleep. Alarm-call time, she thinks to herself, as she massages them both irresistibly back to awareness.

When a mysterious illness threatens to cripple her, she sexualises her muscles and nerves back into life, with the aid of a young doctor. His first exploration was actually behind the green curtains of a national health hospital ward. There were twenty other women beyond those curtains and a couple of over-worked nurses, but Anne Cumming forgets them all as the medico tests for reactions she feared she might never sense again.

'His right hand explored every inch of me. He started with a soft caress to my hair, ran his hand round my face, one finger down my nose to circle my lips and press between them, then the whole hand caressed my throat, cupped my breasts, lightly pinched the nipples, before a finger strayed on down my stomach and round into my navel. Finally it traced a line down into the pubic hair, where it met the left hand.

'All this time, his left index finger had been plunged boldly into my vagina, with his thumb

resting on my clitoris. He had been rotating them carefully, testing for the exact pressure and speed which gave me most pleasure. He watched my face intently all the time. As I began the first spasm of an orgasm, he quickly put his hand over my mouth to remind me where I was.'

Later they meet secretly, at night, in the out-patients department. One night, near the tropical fish tank, he holds her thighs apart almost by force as his tongue licks round her labia, then moving onto her clitoris while she writhes and gasps and almost wants him to stop...

On a film-assignment (she's a publicity dynamo) in New York she quickly decides her bull for the nonce is a hefty Mafioso type, the unit chauffeur with a boxer's biceps.

'I moved in between his knees to lean over and feel his muscles. My breasts brushed his lips. It was all he needed. Thank God for uncomplicated men. No more talk, no more doubts. He went straight to the point.

'His big arms dropped down to pick up my skirt and pull down my panties. I stepped out of them and stood with my legs apart as his head zoomed in and his tongue hit my clitoris bang on.'

This couple take every opportunity they can. While sneaking a lunchtime cat-nap in the film company Rolls, parked in broad daylight on New York's 59th Street, he takes advantage of a typically Rolls-Royce rug to slip his fingers inside her panties, and she to move hers down into his fly. Who'd ever think of looking inside a Rolls?

Back in her adopted Italian home, she sits up in bed with yet another young lover, eating, as it were, before they eat. For aperitivo they take tortellini alla crema – delicious pasta drowned in cream and parmesan cheese. For their main course, she takes his other local delicacy into her eager mouth.

When it's all over she says thoughtfully, 'There's food for love and food for nourishment, and I need both. A really sensual woman is neither squeamish nor fastidious.'

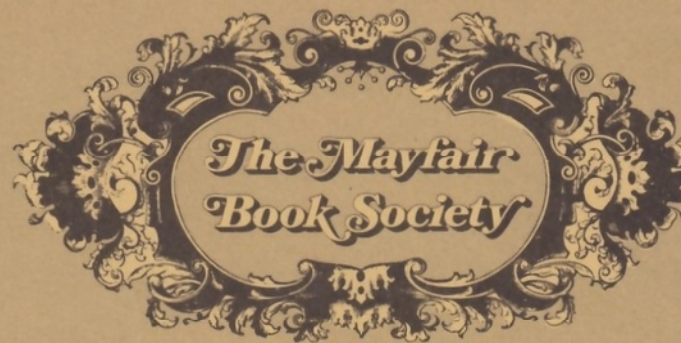
But he stopped her conversation by paying close attention to her left nipple.

Now, gentlemen, that works, whatever the lady's age.



'I must say, Mr Baskerville, we had expected something larger.'

The above cartoon is one of almost ninety contained in 'Ffolkes' Ffauna' (George Harrap, £1.50) by renowned cartoonist Michael Ffolkes. In this delightful book, Ffolkes – a regular contributor to *Punch* and *Private Eye* – lampoons members of the animal kingdom from ants to whales, and humans, too.



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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Judging by the number of 'E C Walks On Water' badges around pinned onto people far too young to remember his Yardbird and John Mayall days, it's clear that Eric Clapton doesn't just appeal to ageing sixties groovers. No wonder either, because as his new album *Slowhand* (RS02479201) amply demonstrates, Clapton still easily wears the mantle of the world's finest rock guitarist. The album title in fact derives from early Yardbird days when Eric was nicknamed *Slowhand*, (slow handclapton, geddit?), which, far from being derogatory, was more an ironic reaction to his lightning-fast technique. From the first track - J J Cale's *Cocaine* - to the last - the self-penned instrumental *Peaches and Diesel* - the album slides along in truly brilliant fashion and were I awarding marks out of 100, *Slowhand* would merit 101. While on the subject of great guitarists, another who could fairly claim to be amongst the world's finest also has a new release out. Carlos Santana's *Moonflower* (CBS88272) is a part live double album featuring, among other tracks, Santana's recent singles chart success *She's Not There*, a reworking of the old Zombies' hit which I seem to recall bopping around to in my mis-spent youth. Apart from this cut, two others which you should make a point of listening to are the album's haunting title track and *Carnaval*, which embodies all the rhythms which have come to be Santana's trademark. Another live album well worth a moment of your time is *America Live* (Warner Brothers 456434) by the band America who've never quite amassed over here a following to equal that which they have in the States. True the band did have a huge singles success a few years back with *Horse With No Name* (the final track on this particular album, by the way), but their two other big hits in the USA - *I Need You* and *Ventura Highway*, again both featured on the album, didn't exactly set this country alight. A shame really as the band are

undoubtedly good and to my mind in some ways vaguely reminiscent of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young which must say something for either their talent or my aural connections. Mentioning Neil Young brings me neatly to *Decade* (Reprise 464037) which along with the Eric Clapton record, is undoubtedly the most important release to be reviewed this month, as Young is unquestionably one of the most influential singer-songwriters to emerge from America in the past ten years. *Decade* is a three-album retrospective tracing Young's career from the very beginning with Buffalo Springfield, via Crazy Horse and CSN&Y to the current solo period. The familiar hits *Heart of Gold* and *I Believe in You* are all in evidence, but as happens with compilations, some good songs are omitted. Still, don't let that put you off a record that is a prime contender for a place in your collection.

I could also apply the same judgement to *Dance Band On The Titanic* (Elektra 462021), the latest offering from that remarkably talented singer-songwriter Harry Chapin. I well remember marking Chapin down as one more likely to succeed on hearing his debut many moons ago and if it so happens Chapin is new to you, a listen to this album should bring you round to my way of thinking. On hearing the record, a friend of mine remarked that Chapin was rather like a male Dory Previn in style and content, though I'm not sure this view is particularly fair to either. True, many of Chapin's lyrics have an introspective, soul-searching quality - *I Wonder What Happened To Him* is a good example - but, as on the great title track, Chapin often displays a nice line in wry humour which I, maybe chauvinistically, find sadly lacking in Ms Previn's doomy, feminist-orientated songs.

Rounding off what basically has been an excellent month for new releases comes *Stillwater* (Capricorn 2429155) by the band of the same name. Those familiar with the Macon based Capricorn label will hardly be surprised to learn that *Stillwater*, in the mould of Marshall Tucker, Grinderswitch, et al, are a hard-rocking southern outfit playing hard-rocking, southern music. Need I say more?

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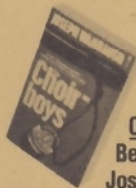
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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

The *Empress Luncheon and Supper Club* is impressive by any standards – with its Champagne and Caviar Terrace Bar, international award-winning 'La Couronne d'Or 1977' à la carte restaurant, sound-proofed disco overlooking the main restaurant, and row of bar stools round the tinkling piano in the main foyer. Impressive also is the price of membership – £81 in the first year and £54 per annum thereafter.

But against that, in one full year the members have seen impromptu stage appearances by Sammy Davis Jnr, David Soul, Tony Martin, Rod Steiger, Annie Ross and Marion Montgomery, in air-conditioned comfort.

Formerly called the *Empress restaurant* – always known for its haute cuisine – the same high standards are continued under Alec Hyams's direction but with the addition of considerable entertainment facilities – resident band, the Mike McKenzie Trio put on two shows nightly at 10.30 pm and midnight, interspaced with appearance of top line artists. Although membership is expensive it is possible to take a £4.50 bottle of champagne in the bar whilst you listen to a lilting piano.

Sensible, too, is the idea of placing the discotheque in a soundproof area overlooking the main restaurant so that you have the choice of either dancing to the latest pop records or to the live music on the dance-floor, according to your mood.

The *Empress Luncheon and Supper Club*: 16 Berkeley Street, Mayfair, London W1. Tel: 01-629 0969 day; or 01-629 6126 night. Piano Bar, Caviar Terrace Bar, Restaurant and Discotheque. Membership Club.

The meal for two with the bottle of red wine at £4.99 which I was lucky enough to enjoy recently was not, of course, at the *Empress Club*, but in the bistro atmosphere of the *Bistro VINO* restaurant in Hollywood Road, Fulham, and even though I had been told about the amazing prices

in advance, I still could not believe it when I received the bill.

Situated on the corner in Fulham's leading restaurant road, *Bistro VINO* has been taken up enthusiastically by value-seeking local residents and is sufficiently full that it is necessary to book. An avocado pear and a bowl of soup, followed by two main portions of liver and bacon and some of the most delightful French fried potatoes that we have tasted for a long time, with coffees afterwards and a bottle of red wine, came to the aforementioned £4.99, and the friend who recommended me to the restaurant tells me that he quite frequently takes parties of sixteen there and entertains them at a lower cost than he could manage to do in his own home. The ambiance is rather Spartan and rustic, but at those prices one is prepared to overlook this – and anyway, 'bistro' is a good description of it.

Bistro VINO: 2 Hollywood Road, Fulham, London SW10. Tel: 01-352 6439.

For those readers who are still looking for the hidden restaurants that serve unexpectedly good food, we have a find in Kinnerton Street, Belgravia, where Salloo has recently opened *Salloo's Restaurant*. The menu lists an impressive number of ways in which chicken and meat can be cooked in the Tandoori oven, and of course they serve that delightful bread which they slap on the walls of the oven and bring out to you still warm. The upstairs restaurant room is newly decorated and long, with pastel colours and soft clear lighting, and an air of rest and relaxation prevails whilst the owner, his name abbreviated to Salloo and looking the epitome of a distinguished bank manager rather than a restaurateur, wanders between the tables quietly telling you the subtleties of his carefully prepared food.

Salloo's Restaurant: 62 Kinnerton Street, Belgravia, London SW1. Tel: 01-235 4444.



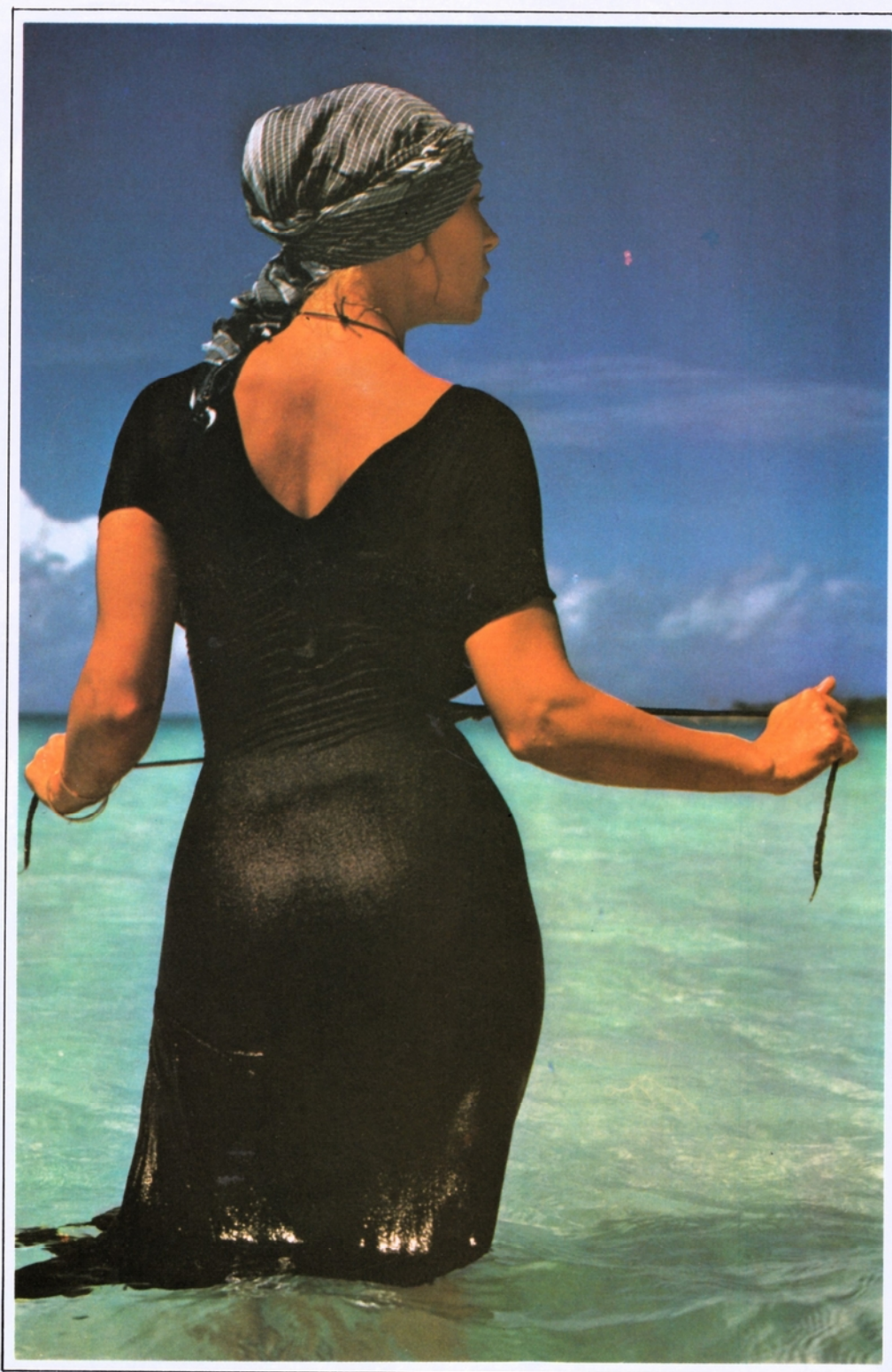
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BELINDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

For a resident of Middlesex 21-year-old Belinda Crayford enjoys an unusually cosmopolitan life: morning rides along crisp white sands bleached to eye-scalding brightness by a tropical sun, afternoon dips in waters so crystal clear the sea

floor is visible thirty feet down, evening drinks of rum punches and rum bamboozles beneath canopies of palm. Not quite the usual suburban life style, which is just as well because 35-23-35 inch Belinda lives in Jamaica.





To be exact: in a rambling white-painted villa on the coast between Discovery Bay and Runaway Bay in the central Jamaican 'county' of Middlesex. It's the summer home of Belinda's employer – the managing director of a Canadian manufacturing firm based in Vancouver. 'I first went to Canada as an au pair nearly two years ago with a vague idea of moving on to America when I got tired of it,' she explains. 'Then my present employer offered me a job as his personal assistant, because I had my shorthand. Now I'm back to au-pairing because he wanted me to stay in Jamaica with his family; he now commutes from Canada every other month.'





She bursts into laughter. 'It's much simpler than it sounds, and I love it. Eventually he plans to open an office here which will give me a lot more to do but meanwhile I'm in a kind of semi-retirement, with lots of free time and all the facilities of the villa.' Facilities like a neighbouring stable of which she makes full use. 'I was brought up in Berkshire right in the country and I spent most of my childhood on horseback. That got a bit too expensive when I went to live in London as a secretary. But now I'm back in my element. The beaches here are deserted first thing in the morning when it's cool. I love to ride then.' Evenings find her in local restaurants and bars like Henry's Bar in Runaway Bay, imbibing a rum punch after a dinner of conch soup and curried goat. 'Yes, goat,' she says, 'and it's delicious!'







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Realsex & Partners

continued from page 18

bulging softness. Sharp breath snorted past my ear.

'Just a touch.' She gurgled deep in her throat.

My fingers stroked mechanically.

'Caroline?'

'Don't stop.' Her perfume drowned me.

'Mmmm. Ah!'

A spasm shook her. I lifted my face to tight-shut eyes, her opening mouth.

'I can't do this -'

She gasped, 'Please - there! Now! No -'

Squirming, she clutched my shoulders, biting at my neck as she spasmed, once, twice, thrice, crossed legs vicing my hand in warm, dampening nylon.

Then a still, silent moment, and she subsided, sighing; smiling. I waited, counting seconds, and reclaimed my fingers.

'Better?'

'Mmmm. Lots.' Syrupy satisfaction. She raised closed eyes, pecked my cheek. 'You know I need to get in the mood, don't you?' My head propped hers.

'Yes, Caroline.' A curtain shifted in one of the bays. 'I'm getting out now.'

I shivered in a wide, arched portico, the redbrick curving like a half-closed eye. A lantern glowed in a doorway of heavy oak and brass, looking genuine. The bell button made no sound. I waited, feeling ill - and better for the clack of Caroline's out-of-fashion stilettos, the eager clutch of her arm.

'You've got me going,' I told her. 'I'll come as soon as you touch it.'

Laughter bubbled in her throat. Playfully her hand squeezed my trouser bulge and made me cough.

'That's natural, lover boy - !'

I scowled at her and a shadow crossed the stained glass. The door clattered open.

'Realsex?'

I felt he'd faint if I admitted it.

The face was young-old, handsomeness blurred by cholesterol and old age. His dressing-gown was wine-dark silk. Taloned hands plucked at a hand-stitched, open-necked shirt. Steel-blue eyes bobbed between Caroline and I. Anxiety, curiosity, desire fighting each other.

'This is my fiancée, Miss Mortimer,' I said briskly. Her smile was sweet, demure. We passed him.

He brightened visibly, moving too quickly to the latch. Giggling arrogance flickered under slack cheeks.

'I was wondering if you'd cancelled. The hour - very silly . . .'

'Or course.' My bedside smile.

'In here?'

There was only one open door. The room was smaller than I'd expected. Leather-bound volumes patrolled dark wood shelving, guarding delicate Meissen, chunky Staffordshire. Heavy drapes shivered discreetly behind a well-rubbed Chesterfield. A high-backed armchair faced it - eight feet away; at least he wouldn't soil my latest chalk stripe. A drinks trolley intervened. I rounded it, catching Caroline's glance at the amber decanter on top. We sat, silently to let him catch the creak of nylons. He did,

thin legs crossing tightly on the armchair. He looked dazed.

I said, 'Lovely room. I must ask -'

He jerked awake. 'I'm sorry, a drink - ?'

'Are you particularly obvious, exhibititive?' 'We ask all our clients,' said Caroline sweetly. Her interruption rooted him again. This was money ticking away. Caroline persevered, 'I'm sure nudity wouldn't disturb us.'

The penny plummeted; the flush started at his throat.

'Oh no, I wouldn't dream!' His gaze skidded between ours. 'I'm only here as a spectator. Purely . . . that. I assure you.'

'Good.' I settled into the Chesterfield, dropping a hand over Caroline's; she moved against me, affectionate but demure. 'Then we'll begin,' I said. 'This event is very straightforward. We are not actors. We are performers. My name is Neil Haran. This is my fiancée, Miss Caroline Mortimer. We have not previously made love together, but this evening I hope to be able to persuade her. You are privileged to be a spectator, but you may take no part unless you wish to stop the event, in which case we finish for this evening. Something may happen, nothing may happen. That is your risk, for which we take no responsibility. Do you understand?'

Too quick. He was still fantasising about Caroline and nudity. Her bare flesh cavorted in the film of tired eyes.

'You're going to start?' Rapt attention folded in panic; he jerked upright. 'You must excuse . . . the little room.'

He'd gone, hobbling through the door, a geriatric four-year-old.

'Little room?' I echoed. Caroline beamed.

'He wants me to talk dirty. That's nice.'

I closed my eyes. 'You're supposed to be virginal; two fingers up at the most.'

Caroline pouted. 'Diddums, trust your Auntie Carrie. She knows best.'

Unease stretched long arms in the bottom of my stomach.

'He's a nice gentle pervert with money we can . . . ah!'

A broad grin took him from door to armchair, dressing-gown knotted taut, hands deep in deeper pockets. Cross-legged, he sat bolt upright. Skull lines showed through his rapt expression. No one moved.

I said, 'Darling, we don't need all these lights on, do we?'

I jumped to the main switch by the door. A standard lamp fanned soft light on the Chesterfield, plummy nudged into dimness. I glowed over Caroline. 'I'm so glad you could come.'

She edged to the sofa side, back militarily straight, as I settled again. Her smile poured sunshine.

'Neil, you knew I wouldn't refuse.'

Something tickled my suspicious mind.

'You'll have a drink?'

'Darling, you're too kind. A gin and tonic, the tiniest twist of lemon.'

I tried to outstare that sunshine beam. *You rotten cow, you're hamming it up.* Not a hint of retreat. She'd made me laugh once before. An East End penthouse. We hadn't been re-booked. I poured two drinks with bomb

turn to page 80

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A full-page background image of a rugged, mountainous landscape under a clear blue sky. In the foreground, a dirt road winds through dry, yellowish-brown brush. Two people are riding in the back of a dark-colored off-road vehicle, kicking up a cloud of dust. In the distance, a large, dark, craggy mountain rises prominently. The overall scene conveys a sense of adventure and freedom.

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DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH. LOW TO MIDDLE TAR.

From the beginning of the 19th century, an obscure schoolmaster from Bristol developed a unique four-wheeled horseless carriage

Strings attached:

Mr. Pocock's kite-powered carriage

By Ivor Smullen

The driver of the hay wagon had a sneaking feeling that something odd, even creepy, was afoot. The moon shone ahead of him as he trotted along the lonely country lane. But another light, from his rear, was now playing on the sleek back of his horse. He turned his head, looked over his shoulder and was startled out of his wits to see a lantern, with no visible means of support, bobbing in the sky. He strained his eyes. And it was then that terror came.

For moving steadily in his direction was a four-wheeled carriage, *that was not pulled by horses*. It was, as far as he could tell, moving on and on of its own volition.

The wagon driver screamed: 'It is the work of the Devil!' Then in a frenzy he laid his whip across his horse's back and drove the rattling wagon as fast and as far as he could from the apparition.

It was a pity the fellow had been so superstitious and had jumped to such a fearful conclusion.

If he had stayed awhile and taken a closer look, he would have witnessed one of the 19th century's most curious experiments. The carriage behind him was in fact being drawn by two flying kites, to the string of one of which the lantern had been attached. The entire enterprise was the handiwork of a West Country schoolmaster named George Pocock (1765–1840), who all his life had been obsessed with this novel idea for motive power: an idea that was his own brainchild.

Pocock called his vehicle a Charvolant (a pseudo-French title that may be translated as Flying Carriage). And he owed his initial inspiration to his boyhood days when he would tie a stone to the string of a kite, and then watch the stone being drawn rapidly along the ground. When he attached a heavier stone, the kite continued floating, and the stone continued moving, though admittedly at a slower rate. He then found that by attaching several kites, each with its own length of line, to the



ILLUSTRATION BY REG CARTWRIGHT



stone he could increase the pulling power. When he grew up he decided on more practical experiments. His first test of the kites' traction power was made by attaching kite-lines to the end of a board on which a friend sat. The kites tugged this rough sled at such a speed that Pocock, running behind, found it impossible to keep up with it. It only stopped when it hit the bottom of a quarry (fortunately without injury to the rider).

The time was now ripe for extending the experiments to a four-wheeled carriage: the sort that would normally be pulled by horses. Pocock found that even when a carriage had a full complement of passengers, the kites tugged it along the ground with extreme ease.

The next step was to construct a special carriage for the express purpose of being drawn by kites. It was some years before

Pocock succeeded. He found difficulty in constructing a vehicle that could be effectively controlled and steered, and for a considerable time he laid his eccentric scheme aside.

But he was not put off permanently. His main inspiration came from the realisation that a properly constructed, kite-drawn carriage could reach 20 miles an hour, no mean speed for that time.

He made new kites, giving them a covering of linen instead of paper; the latter could be easily damaged in stormy weather.

That was one problem effectively solved. Another remained. Pocock often found himself riding past tall trees. There was an obvious risk that the kites would become entangled in the upper branches. Chimney pots and steeples were also hazards. Pocock had been annoyed to find that he had to keep getting out of his carriage to

disentangle his kites. This could prove a difficult task, even when he was aided by friends. It was a problem he never totally solved.

As the months went by, Pocock made a series of adaptations to his kites. He decided they could well serve a double purpose as 'buoyant sails' on a boat at sea. He tried them out with a pleasure boat on a large pond that belonged to the Earl of Suffolk.

While he was scudding along, an oar dropped overboard. There was no way he could stop the progress of the boat, which the kites tugged to the nearest shore. Pocock handed the kites to some baffled country boys, saying: 'Look after these, my lads.' Then he managed to row the boat back to pick up the lost oar. When he was drawing near the shore again he heard frightened shouts. The kites were pulling the boys perilously close to the water's edge. Indeed they would have been dragged in and perhaps drowned if the kite strings had not caught on the branches of a tree.

In later years, Pocock wrote in his *Treatise on the Aeropneustic Art (or Navigation in the Air by means of Kites)* first published in 1827: 'The power of a kite twelve feet high, with a wind blowing at the rate of twenty miles an hour, is as much as a man of average strength can stand against.'

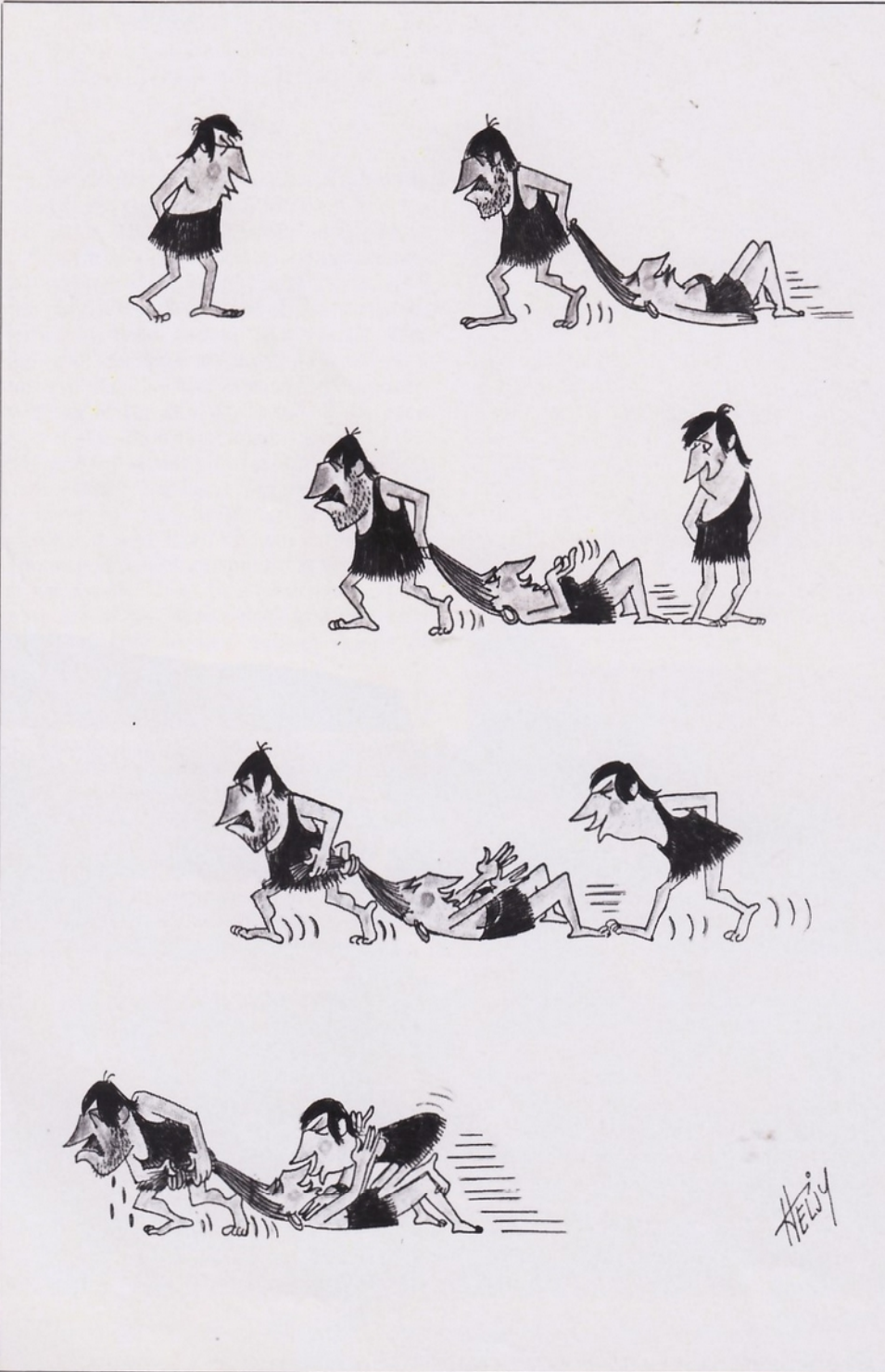
After his aquatic experience Pocock concentrated on his land vehicle, which had a steering wheel and contained such accessories as a reel for the kites, and niches for a chronometer (for timing the journey) and sailor's compass. The Charvolant was longer than the average carriage. This, said Pocock, helped avert the danger of overturning while reversing or travelling at speed: experiments had proved, he explained, that a short carriage moving at 20 mph would shake from side to side in an exceedingly unpleasant manner.

The traces of his kites were all of 300 yards long. And all the Charvolant needed to keep it moving fast (and in the right direction) was a team of six persons operating in relays, three working while the others slept.

In his *Treatise* Pocock gives this description of his carriage and its control: 'First. Before the charioteer is an upright spindle, surmounted by a T handle; the lower part of this handle, which runs through the bed of the car, is square, fitting into the socket of a small, solid, horizontal wheel, round which a strap passing communicates with another horizontal wheel, fastened to the pivot of the front axle-tree. By this apparatus, termed the "Guide", the chariot is directed with the nicest precision. 'Second. There is a regulator or drag in the hinder part of the car, suspended by a spring. The shoe of this drag is pressed by a lever power upon the ground, by which too great a velocity is prevented, or the vehicle instantly stopped, if requisite; this is effected without alighting.'

Total cost of kites and carriage was £80. There was an additional pecuniary inducement. Toll-keepers of the day were empowered to charge fees for carriages drawn

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Feeling unwell a man consulted his GP. 'I'm afraid, Mr Jones, that you have a very rare illness and the only known cure for it is fresh breast milk,' explained the doctor.

'Where the hell am I to get that,' demanded the man, 'I'm not even married.' 'Look,' said the doctor, writing in his notebook, 'I want you to go to this address. There's a young woman there who has just had a baby and for a price, I'm certain that she'll help you.' So off he went and arriving at the given address explained his predicament to the buxom blonde who opened the door. Taking pity on the obviously distressed man she agreed to help and led him to the bedroom, where she unbuttoned her blouse and offered him a breast.

After a few minutes the woman began to get turned-on and asked if he wanted anything else. The man replied that he didn't and moved onto her other breast, which made the woman burn with passion. After a short time she asked him again if there was anything else he wanted.

'No,' he replied and continued sucking. By now the woman was almost coming and for a third time asked if there was anything else he would like.

'Well,' said the man, disengaging himself from her breast and looking up at her shyly, 'could I perhaps have a Farley's rusk?'

An ex-prisoner applied for employment with a firm whose director was well known for his sympathy towards men coming out of gaol. He was invited into the director's office and asked to sit. 'Well,' the director said, 'I know where you have been recently and I want you to be perfectly frank and tell me what offences you were found guilty of.'

'There were three,' replied the man.

'All right that's honest anyway, what were they?' the director asked.

'Embezzlement, rape and a homosexual offence,' he replied.

The director looked at his watch, 'I'm afraid that I'm in rather a hurry,' he said. 'You've got a job, but remember, keep your hands out of the till, keep your hands off my secretary,' and then leaning forward he pinched the other man's cheek, 'and I'll see you on Monday.'

A young girl having arrived at the sea-side by way of a bank holiday coach trip was lying on the beach in the sunshine. It was very hot and she envied the youngsters who were splashing about in the sea, which looked so cool and inviting. 'If only I had brought my bikini with me,' she thought. Then, suddenly, she had an idea. As she was wearing bikini-type panties, she would take her clothes off and go for a swim. It was true that she wasn't wearing a bra, but if she folded her arms and ran into the sea quickly, who'd notice? She undressed speedily and with her arms clasped about herself, she ran towards the surf. Suddenly, a small boy ran over to her, shouting, 'Miss, Miss'.

'What's the matter?' she asked, keeping her arms tight to her body.

He looked up at her imploringly and said, 'Oh, Miss, if you are going to drown those two puppies, please may I have the one with the pink nose?'

After six weeks away from home on a business trip in London the married executive entered a brothel in Shepherd's Market, and handed the madame a bundle of £10 notes. 'I want the worst screw in the house,' he demanded.

'But sir,' said the madame, 'this sixty pounds will buy you our best.'

'No!' retorted the businessman, 'I want the worst available.'

'I can't let you do this,' the woman pleaded, 'you're entitled to the best.'

'Listen, lady,' said the man, 'I'm not horny, just homesick.'

A recently married young man was invited back to his secretary's flat for a drink after taking her home from a business trip. Inevitably one drink led to another and eventually the two of them finished up in bed together making passionate love. After two or three hours the young man realised what the time was and became alarmed as to what he should tell his wife when he got home, for he was sure that she would ask him why he was late.

Suddenly he had an idea and asked his secretary for a piece of chalk. This he put behind his left ear and then went home. As soon as he entered the door his wife demanded to know where he had been for so long.

'As a matter of fact, my love,' he said, 'I took my secretary home, had a few drinks with her, then we went to bed and made love for two hours.'

She looked at him sceptically and said: 'Come off it, I know where you've been - playing darts with your pals down at the club - look, you've still got a piece of chalk behind your ear.'

'Now, lady, what seems to be the trouble,' said the officer.

'Well, constable,' that man over there came and sat next to me in the cinema. And, after a few minutes he was holding my hand.'

'What's wrong with that?' asked the officer.

'But it didn't stop there. Halfway through the picture and he was hugging me and kissing me on the neck and squeezing me.'

'Why didn't you move away or call for the manager?' asked the policeman.

'At that stage I had no idea he was after my purse.'

Happy-go-lucky Miss Hopper
Likes to be done good and proper -
Which is all very fine,
But she screws all the time,
And I've blisters all over my chopper.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes' Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

Mr Pocock's kite-powered carriage

continued from page 40

by horses, mules, donkeys and oxen. But there was nothing in the rule-books about vehicles drawn by kites. Pocock and Co would rumble past the turnpikes grinning amiably. He described his exemption from tolls as a 'regal privilege' which made him feel literally like a king.

Some of Pocock's detractors pointed out that his Flying Carriage couldn't move an inch if there was no wind. What of it? Pocock retorted. 'Ships might be objected to on this principle - that there were sometimes calms, or contrary winds.' The objection was 'trifling.' Indeed, the absence of winds for several days encouraged the exercise of that noble virtue, patience, and when the winds finally came, why! they gave 'a greater zest to enjoyment.'

In favour of his Charvolant he could point out that the journeys it took were invariably smooth with no sudden jerks. Dips and irregularities in the road were scarcely perceptible to the travellers. Pocock explained: 'There is no jolting, for the weight is partly supported by the Kites, and the car thus glides over the small hollows into which other carriages sink.'

When the Charvolant travelled by night, Pocock admitted that its unexpected appearance and sudden departure ('passing like a shadow') often riveted pedestrians to the spot. Some of them spread tales that the Foul Fiend himself had been abroad, and was now driving nightly

around the Earth on his sinister errands. For the folk in the Charvolant, however, all was peace and serenity. Waxing poetic, Pocock claimed that as the wind played on the tensed kite strings, one heard a pleasing harplike sound. Otherwise, the passage of the vehicle was so quiet that the travellers usually carried a bugle to warn other road-users of their approach.

Pocock built a number of Charvolants, and on one occasion he organised a race between three of them along the Great Western Road to London. A blast on the bugle signalled the moment for the competitors to rush to their respective carriages. During the race the leading carriage, which reached a speed of 25 mph, had to put up with the churlish behaviour (no doubt inspired by envy) of the driver of a horse-drawn post-chaise, which kept trying to nudge the Charvolant off the road.

When night came, everything was still. Not a breath moved among the leaves and there was an unusual calm all around. But a steady breeze aloft kept the kites in 'a position so uniform, as to convey the idea of being nailed in their respective places.' Eventually they all decided to camp out in the countryside before continuing the race. They furled their 'buoyant sails', reeled in the cords, and retired to a hay-stack. There they snored the night away with their kites as coverlets.

On other occasions Pocock's Charvolants were followed by curious horsemen. But if the wind was brisk, the pursuers, Pocock

claimed, were soon left well in the rear. Equally enjoyable were the nights when Pocock would stop in the darkness outside an inn and an ostler would appear, looking for the head of Pocock's horse. On discovering that no such beast existed, he would lurch back to the inn and, scratching his head, ask the landlord for 'a quart of beer for - for summat at the door.'

The inevitable accidents happened. Once, when a kite line became snared up in the crooked branch of a tall elm, the carriage wheeled round to the verge of the road, careered up a bank, disgorged its passengers and overturned, its wheels still revolving.

The travellers were unhurt, and derived some amusement from a donkey which trotted to the scene, inspected them as they lay on the ground, and finally treated them to 'a most compassionate bray.'

All in all, the Flying Carriage excited a great deal of wonderment, admiration and derision. After a report of one of Pocock's journeys appeared in the *Mechanic's Magazine* in 1836, public interest ended. And in the excitement of the Railway Age it was forgotten.

In his own time Pocock's cause was lost. But now that national interest in kites is soaring, isn't it time we took another look at the amazing Charvolant? With certain adaptations, could it not be the focal point of a novel sport for the energy-conscious 1970s?

Make way for the kite-powered go-kart! 

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Helena

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Rabbits to most of us mean no more than a twitchy-nosed pet, an inexpensive fur, an even more inexpensive meal, or possibly the heroes of Richard Adams' animal classic, *Watership Down*. Nineteen-year-old Helena Meers might

listen to you a little more attentively if you mentioned the last, but the surest way to grab 36-23-36 inch Helena's closest attention is to ask about her own very personal, highly literary rabbit heroine, called Beverley.



'You could say Beverley and I grew up together,' explains Helena with the faintest lilt of her native Cumberland. 'I wrote my first story about her when I was fifteen. It was an exercise for a school and I based it on a completely batty animal we'd had as a pet when I was very young. Apparently everyone in the class thought my story was hilarious, so from then on I produced more stories — they were really satires on people I knew at school and in the first jobs I had; I remember I nearly got thrown out of school for one piece which was really wicked about my headmistress. But Beverley has tended to grow up with me, so she's not so naive now and a lot sexier, which is only right for a rabbit.'





No thought of finding a publisher? 'I've thought of it,' admits Helena.

'But it would mean re-writing everything. My Beverley stories are really long 'in' jokes for my friends about people they know. I

don't think they would mean very much to an outsider. Anyway

if I did have to take them seriously they wouldn't be such fun to do.' Meanwhile, between writing stints, Helena is occupied tending the reception desk of

a Carlisle law practice. 'It's a very friendly office and I enjoy chatting to the people who come in,' she says. 'It's incredible the problems they bring out while they're waiting, especially if you show a bit of sympathy. I'm sure they think I know all about the law. But it's nice to know that you're helping people, if only by listening.' And meantime they furnish new material for the Beverley tales? 'Oh, I wouldn't do that,' smiles Helena.



Sexy, glamorous and very sophisticated, the modern air stewardess offers an image of jet-setting sex. But is it only a flight of fancy?

Coffee...tea... or one of the stewardesses?

By Jeffrey Robinson

The flight from London to New York was nearly over as the pilot came on the PA system with the usual before landing announcements. He hoped everyone had had a good flight, then he signed off.

Except there was some sort of malfunction and the mike wasn't really off.

'I'll tell you something,' the pilot said to the co-pilot, but for everyone in the plane to hear as well. 'As soon as we land and get into that bloody hotel, I'm going to climb into a hot tub and just soak.' He stretched and groaned. 'And then I'm going to take a really great crap.'

Now the passengers were sitting forward in their seats.

The air stewardesses were looking at each other, wondering what to do.

'And then,' the pilot went on. 'You know that redheaded stewardess, the one with the great tits. Well, I'm going to get her up to the room and screw the daylights out of her.'

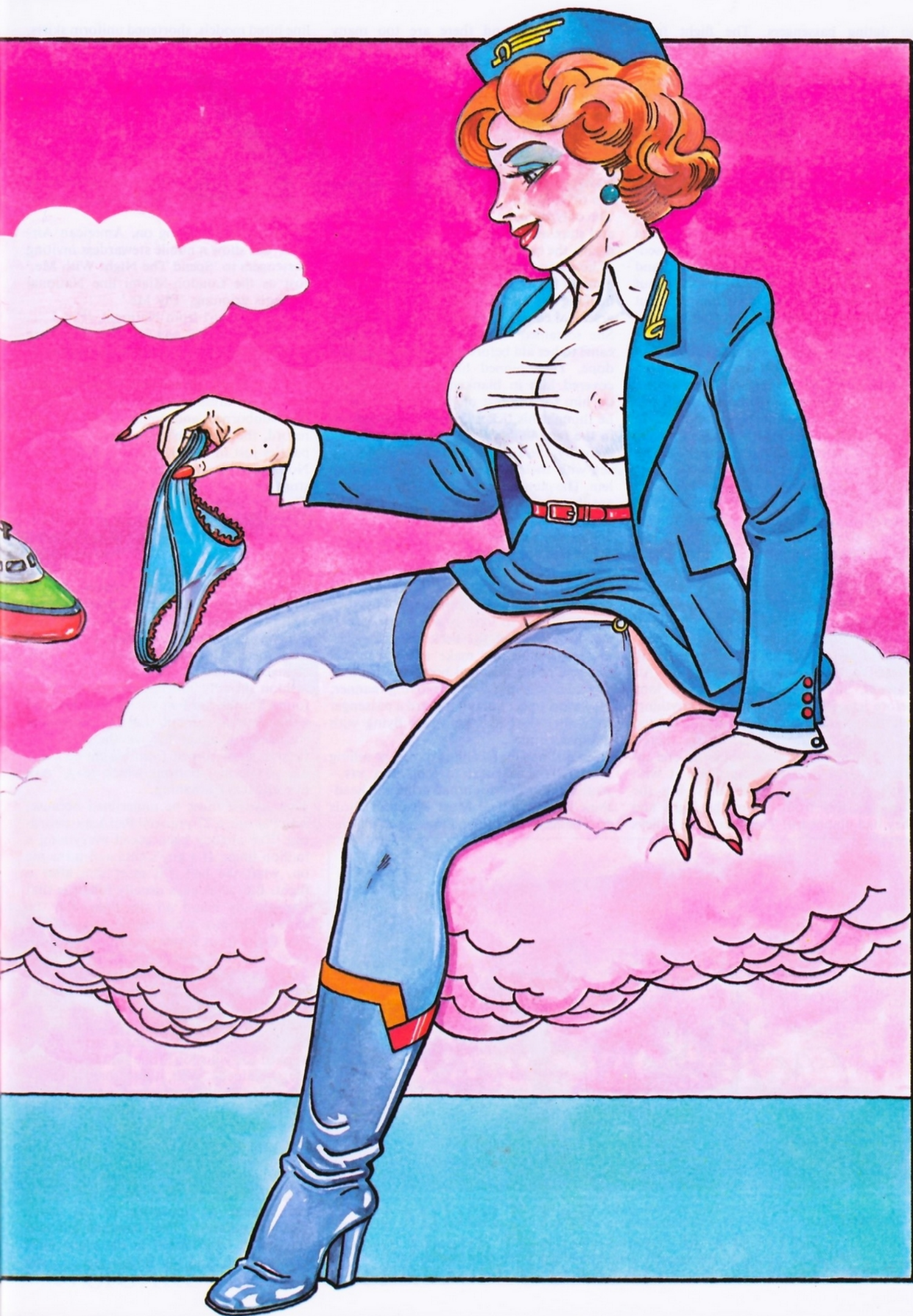
At this point the redheaded stewardess with the ample chest made a dash for the cockpit to tell the pilot that his microphone was still on. But just as she got to the front of the plane, a little old lady reached out to stop her. 'Listen sweetie,' the little old lady said. 'There's no hurry 'cause he wants to take a bath and a crap first.'

Coffee, tea or one of the stewardesses. The birds of the air: as available as the airlines suggest they are, or as aloof and untouchable as the regulations claim they must be? Picking one up on a flight is about the same as picking one up at a local pub. Or is it? Are the waitresses of the air truly the jet age dollies with a guy in every port? Are they the flying flings one would hope? Where do they fit into the scheme of a bachelor's life, more like a 60-year-old spinster Maths teacher or a 17-year-old massage parlour attendant?

'Hah,' says Margaret, a blonde 24-year-old stewardess who's been flying for three years. 'I'll tell you what stewardesses are like. Exactly what every other enlightened girl is like. I'm not going to turn down the right man just because the regulations say



ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT



no dating passengers. The flight from London to New York isn't so long that I'm not up for a party when we get in. There's plenty of time for a nap before meeting some fellow for dinner, dancing and whatever comes next. The return flight is different because it's an overnight and I'm tired at eight am after working all night. But then if a dishy man gives me a day or two to recuperate, sure, why not? What a man has to remember, though, is that I don't want him to come on too strong during the flight because there are lots of people around and I've got 30 or 40 or 50 other passengers to take care of. It's got to be soft and sweet, and discreet. We can worry about the rest once I get out of my uniform. But no matter what, that uniform doesn't come off until the plane has landed.'

And that, she says, is the rule rather than the exception. On board she's 'in the office,' and besides 220 passengers, there's also, lurking somewhere in the background, one of those drill sergeant types who fills in report cards on all the girls, checks to make sure their skirts aren't too short, and almost guarantees that nothing but sweetness and light passes the virgin lips of 'her girls.' These days, with cocktails to serve and dinners and movies and jumbos full of people, there simply isn't time for more than a phone number. It might have been different when the DC-6s and Constellations were plying the skies, taking a dozen hours to go anywhere, leaving a vacant half hour or two in the middle of the night. But those days are gone.

'When I was flying,' says Constance, a still attractive 47-year-old instructress for Air Canada, 'life was different. This is long before jets. I'm not saying I did anything, but there was always talk of horsing around on the flights and I guess where there's smoke there's fire. I do know of one incident where a stewardess made it with some guy in the forward galley. But she knew the guy from before the flight and they had planned it. These days the galleys

are too small and there are too many people around and we warn the girls in their training that their job is to serve drinks, food and blankets, and nothing more. And they serve that with their legs closed. It's hard enough for them to avoid problems as it is. They don't have to go looking for trouble.'

The flight from Heathrow to Hong Kong was long and boring. One passenger was too tired to read and too nervous to sleep. The only thing he could do was drink beer and stare at the stewardesses. The more he drank, the better they looked. After a bunch of hours and twice as many beers, he aimed himself for the toilet. Two minutes later he flung open the door and burst out, bare-arsed naked. He jumped for one of the girls. She screamed. He pawed. Two stewards came to her aid before any real damage was done. They pinned him to the ground, covered him in blankets and literally sat on him for the rest of the flight. It seems he thought his ticket included membership in the famous 'mile high club.'

Actually, the airlines have long been selling sex with their tickets. Consider the problem. The planes are the same. The schedules are the same. The prices are the same. The food is the same. So what else can the competing airlines offer their passengers? What else but dreams!

For the most part, airline passengers are men. That's why there are more stewardesses than stewards. And that's why they tell their girls to look smart, show lots of leg, keep hair off the neck because necks are sexy, smile and make every man feel like you're his personal hostess, put down any advances in a firm but loving manner, play hard to get but not so hard a passenger feels all is lost and he starts flying with another airline.

Even airline advertising is aimed at selling sex. Girls stand next to long thin jets - phallic, what? - with broad grins and headlines that say, 'The Most Beautiful Birds In The Sky.' Not long ago a small charter

line hired models, shortened uniform skirts, took away jackets and blouses, and produced a calendar for travel agents called 'The Planemate Of The Month.' Even more interesting was that each photo was impregnated with perfume. Scratch and smell. And it wasn't scented jet fuel! Yet another charter line raised eyebrows a few years ago by offering one men's club a package deal, complete with topless stewardesses. A classic case of an airline keeping abreast of the times...

While all this is going on, American Airlines' ads show a nubile stewardess inviting passengers to 'Spend The Night With Me.' Just as the London-Miami line National has girls grinning, 'Fly Me.'

Giggles one girl from National, 'I'm J... and you can fly me any old time. There are some people who think we're the best looking stewardesses in the air, and I'll tell you that's not by accident. National just want us to dress and look pretty and stay real sunburned and smile a lot. Off the record, they even tell us to wear coloured panties just in case we bend over too far.' Nothing however can compete with the sex stunt that Air Jamaica once cooked up. They got their girls to strip.

They were seeking their share of the lucrative routes to the West Indies and decided the way to do it was to 'go native.' Island music, free rum, great looking Jamaican birds. They arranged a special beauty contest and picked 57 out of a field of over 500 black and beautiful candidates, but that wasn't enough. After these girls served their meals, they disappeared for a quick change into bikinis. The airline called it 'a fashion show.' Unfortunately Air Jamaica found out the hard way - no pun intended - that you just can't do that without raising suspicions - again forgive the pun. The fashion show turned from bikinis to evening gowns and buttons which read, 'Ask me ALMOST anything.'

That *almost* must be underlined because, says Pamela, a 27-year-old PanAm stewardess, 'I've already been asked everything a million times. If a guy's cute and turns me on, what the hell, I'll meet him after a flight. But what guys usually forget is that I've already heard all the lines. I'm the expert. The guy is playing an away game.' The flight from Rome to London was almost full. Businessmen on their way home from business. One passenger sitting towards the rear motioned to the air hostess who had smiled especially warmly as he walked on board. He asked her, 'Have you heard the one about the three girls who all applied for your job?' She said she hadn't. He explained, 'Well, these three girls all wanted to be air hostesses. An American, a Canadian and a Brit. The interviewer could only choose one, so he asked them each a question. He said, "You're the only hostess on a flight with 100 men, and the plane has to land in the desert. What do you do?" The American girl said she would defend her honour by appealing to the men's sense of gallantry. The Canadian girl said she would lock herself in the plane until help arrived. And the British girl... she

turn to page 66



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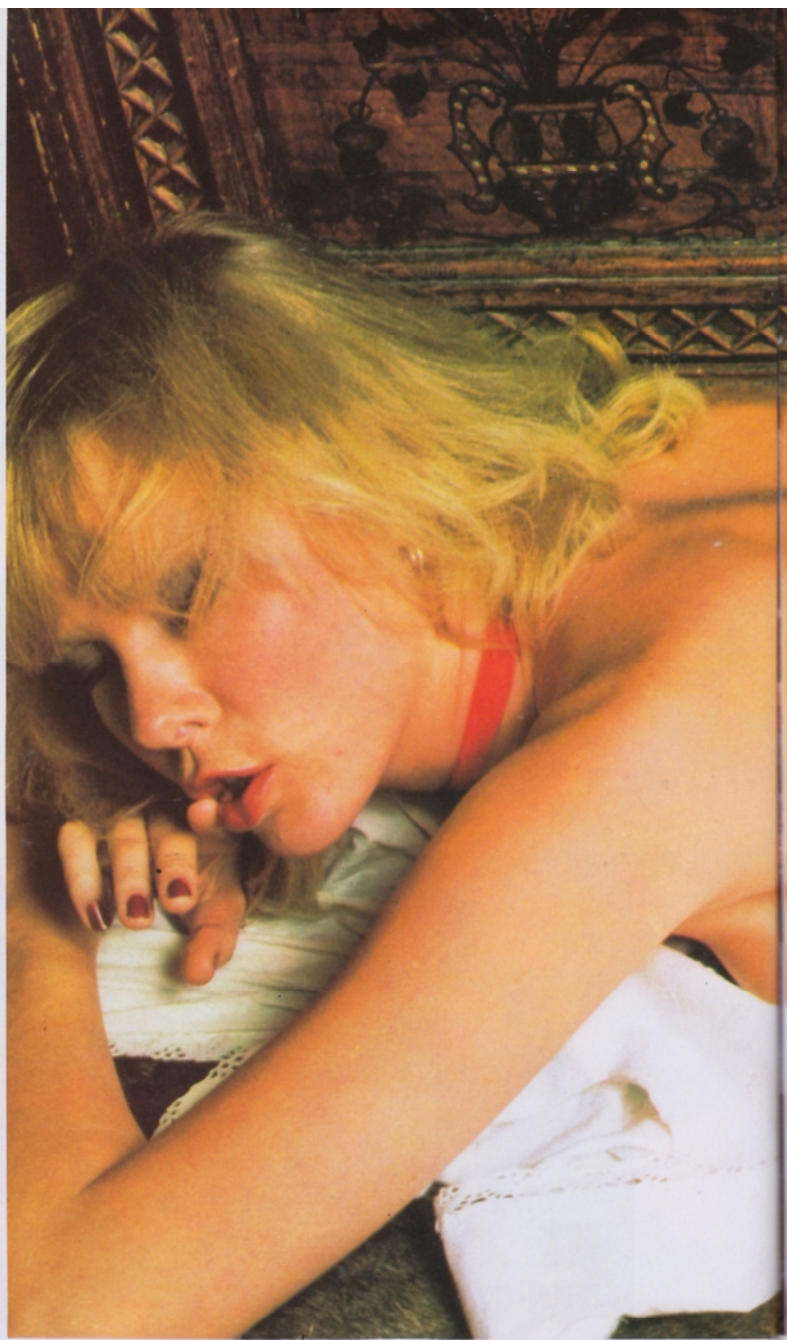


AMANDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Had you been skiing on the slopes surrounding the Austrian winter sports resort of Niedereau on an afternoon not so very long ago, you might have come across a sight to make you forget all about your parallel turns, for there, her 35-23-35 bare as a snow-babe, was 22-year-old Amanda Sue Adey posing for our centre-spread. 'You'd be amazed,' recalls Amanda, who'd flown to Austria with photographer John Allum courtesy of winter sports specialists Inghams, 'how difficult it was to find somewhere a bit private on the slopes. Whenever we thought we'd found somewhere, a skier







would appear! As you can imagine,' continues Amanda, 'when-
ever this happened, I had to get covered up quickly. I wouldn't
want to have caused anyone to ski into a tree! Actually, it was
one of the hardest modelling assignments I've ever had – and I've
been modelling for two years – because it was so cold. Still, ski-
ing was good exercise to warm you up. I'd never done it before,
but even in the week we were away I became quite good.' Away
from the Alpine splendour of Austria, Amanda, who originally
hails from the leafy surrounds of Henley-in-Arden, in Warwick-
shire, lives in London, 'Though my ambition is to own a country
pub,' she maintains. 'A real oldy-worldy place with a thatched roof
and blackened oak beams. Yes, I know that running a pub is hard
work, but I'd manage it so someone would do it all for me.'



'In fact,' adds Amanda, 'you could say that my interest in old buildings goes beyond my ambition because I'm renovating the house I live in now. It was in a bit of a state when I bought it, but it's slowly coming round to the way I envisage it should look with lots of nice Scandinavian furniture.' She grins. 'I don't know whether it'll be possible, but I'd like to incorporate a sauna as I have one at least once a week and it'd be awfully handy if I were able to just hop into my own. They really make you feel good. I'm a bit of a health and keep-fit freak as it is, because I swim regularly and go to modern dance classes too and a sauna's really great after exercise to sweat off all the grime.' Amanda smiles. 'The fact that I can even think of installing a sauna shows what modelling's done for me. It's certainly better than the Birmingham secretarial job I used to have!'





MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / AMANDA SUE ADEY







Main picture; the Samaritan armoured ambulance. Its heightened roof allows room for four stretcher cases, six sitting wounded, or – as shown from the rear, immediate right – two stretcher cases and three sitting wounded. Opposite page, top: the Striker anti-tank guided weapon vehicle, shown with the launcher raised in firing position. Its five Swingfire missiles are guided onto target by electronic commands conveyed via a wire which unreels behind it. Middle: the Scorpion range against the horizon, with the Sultan armoured command vehicle at the far right. Bottom: the Scorpion light tank in convoy with the Scimitar reconnaissance and security vehicle behind.



Britain's armoured car of the '80s will be the Alvis Scorpion and its six deadly offspring. Photographed by Andrew Morland

The Marque of the Scorpion

When Lieutenant H W Mortimore introduced a startling new weapon to the world at 05.40 hours on September 15, 1916 – the opening of the second phase of the battle of the Somme – neither he nor any of the Allied general staff were aware that ground warfare would never be the same again. The weapon Lieut Mortimore commanded was code-named D1, otherwise Tank No 1, D Company – 'tank' itself being a deliberately uninformative title for the world's first armoured tracked vehicle to be used on the battlefield. By the end of World War One the bulky lumbering giants which had rumbled onto the fields of the Somme had become an accepted part of the battle scene and had diversified into the 'heavies'





like the successful British Mk V and light-weight tanks like the Whippet and the French Renault M-17. Today – after a brief but bloody history, which has put the tank firmly at the centre of large scale war on land – that same division exists. Heavy-weights like Britain's Chieftain and Russia's T-62 are designed to bear the brunt of a concerted, armoured attack. Smaller, lighter armoured vehicles are designed to fill the gaps punched by their bigger brothers, to observe, to reconnoitre and generally to carry out duties that demand manoeuvrability and speed as well as fire power. Latest and most comprehensive of these vehicles is the Anglo-Belgian Scorpion range, designed and built by Alvis



Limited and the British Ministry of Defence. The designers' original brief was to produce a single vehicle – the Combat Vehicle Reconnaissance – to carry out three main roles, reconnaissance, fire support and anti-tank attack, which would replace the British Army's existing light armoured vehicles – the Saladin, Saracen and Ferret armoured cars. This would greatly reduce initial costs and increase the ease of maintenance. In addition the new CVR had to weigh around 18,000 lb, compared to the 12 to 14 tons of existing vehicles, so that two of the vehicles could be carried in a C130 Hercules transport plane. But these requirements proved too stringent and a compromise was reached with the highly adaptable Scorpion range. A basic hull, driven through tracks by a Jaguar 4.2 litre engine, has been created with seven variations, each covering a specific function. Leading the pack is the





Immediate left: the Scorpion three-man light tank with 76 mm gun. Lightweight and capable of operating worldwide it will replace the current Saladin armoured car. It has a top speed of 50 mph, and carries 40 rounds of 76 mm ammunition. Above and opposite page, bottom: the Scimitar. Using the Scorpion hull and turret it has been modified to carry a Rarden 30 mm cannon as a main armament. Opposite page, top: a Striker on the move with the launcher retracted and, centre, at the moment of firing. The action of the Swingfire missile allows it to be inched onto its target by its operator so that for seconds it appears to hang in mid air before darting suddenly away.



Scorpion itself, a three-man light tank, one foot shorter than the current Saladin armoured car but with the same calibre armament – in fact a 76 mm gun – much better cross-country ability and the capacity, with a swiftly erected screen, for swimming. Top speed is 50 miles per hour and the range 400 miles plus. Its closest companion is the Scimitar which uses the same hull and turret but replaces the 76 mm gun with a Rarden 30 mm cannon. Next comes the Striker anti-tank guided weapon vehicle. The Striker's special box hull – giving greater room inside – is mounted with a retractable launcher for five Swingfire anti-tank missiles. Already in wide use, Swingfire is guided onto its target by electronic commands relayed from a joystick held by its



operator through a thin wire which unreels behind the flying missile. Such accurate control means the missile can be fired when the vehicle is completely hidden; carrying a portable sight the operator can lie in cover up to 100 yards away from the launcher. Troops ride in the Spartan armoured personnel carrier; similar in design to the Striker, it can carry an assault section of a commander and four men. While the greater head room of the Sultan armoured command vehicle allows up to nine men to set up a secure, mobile command centre. For additional room an 8 foot retractable 'penthouse' can be unfolded at the rear. Casualties are evacuated in the Samaritan armoured ambulance, and the workhorse of the range is the Samson – an armoured recovery vehicle which can pull up to 12 tons with a winch powered by its main engine. 🐉





Main picture: the Samson armoured recovery vehicle. Its heavy duty winch (shown opposite page, bottom) towing a tracked wreck free (this page, immediate left) is driven from the vehicle's Jaguar 4.2 litre 6-cylinder engine. Using a 4:1 snatch block its maximum pull is 12 tons at a variable speed up to 400 feet per minute, enabling it to tow vehicles across a river. As with all the Scorpion range, the Samson is light enough for two vehicles to be air lifted by a C130 Hercules transport for over 1000 miles. Opposite page, top: commander's hatch with the range's co-axially mounted 7.62 mm auxiliary machine gun. Centre: a Striker three-man crew on view.

Coffee . . . tea . . . or one of the stewardesses
continued from page 50

said, "I understand the question, but what's the problem?"

The air hostess laughed, 'Now be kind.' 'All right,' the passenger said, 'I will be kind. Give me one of those letter-to-the-company forms and I'll tell them you're terrific and that they should double your salary.' Not one to refuse such an offer, she had to volunteer her name. 'Minerva, eh? Do you live in London? What a coincidence, Peckham Rye. Me too. Listen, why don't we get together for dinner one night because I know this little spot . . .'

It may not be five miles up in the air, but then her mattress has got to be softer than a 747's restroom and at least at her place, no one knocks on the door to say 'Fasten your seat belt,' just as you're coming in for a landing.

So the girls themselves feel they're in a 'seller's market,' that they've got a plane load full of eligible men and they can pick and choose. And one of the things they do

is play a game that is called 'business cards'. 'I collect them,' Pamela goes on. 'Men are constantly handing them to me, saying, "If you ever get this way again, call me." All stewardesses have a handful of cards in their wallets and some of us have been known to set ourselves up in every stop-over. I mean it's nice when you're away from home to have someone take care of you.'

That's where a guy can then use his hometown advantage. While some chaps might have 100 fancy business cards printed, figuring they'll hit five or 10 or 15 per cent, therefore making the five quid for the cards a decent investment, Pamela says she had a friend named Bernard whose act was better than most. He went so far as to study the situation.

Once upon a time on a long off-season holiday in Mallorca, Bernard began thinking about air stewardesses. He noticed they'd come in, stay a couple of days, then leave. And while they were in town, they all looked very bored. So on days when the

beach bunnies had gone somewhere to hide from the morning rains, Bernard offered to the airport with a bouquet of flowers, willing to meet any flight from anywhere. He'd wait until all the passengers were off and the crew was coming through. Then he'd let his expression falter, pick one stewardess and ask her if Sandra Jones was on the flight. Of course no one knew her. He'd act very hurt, shrug, stammer a bit, then push the flowers at this girl and start to walk away. He claimed that only a minute percentage ever let him get very far.

Back in London, where he met Pamela, he revised his game, working on a 'revolving credit plan.' He found that the girls on the foreign lines, such as the Americans, would keep a run for a month, London for two days, home for three. Then London again for two days, home again for three. It was easy finding out where they stayed while in town, and a few more bouquets set up a regular situation. Alice would be in on Tuesdays and Fridays for a month, Sophie on Wednesdays and Sundays. The following month it would be Pamela on Mondays and Thursdays, and Christine on Saturdays and Wednesdays. The month after that Sophie would be back.

He claimed that his success was not based on anything more than an accurate reading of the facts. The girls get to town and have nothing to do and they figure why be bored in some foreign city when somewhere there's a nice guy who's willing to take them around and be friends.

'It doesn't matter where the girls are from,' he would say. 'Stewardesses are all alike. After the first few times in town, they stop being tourists and start being very bored. They like nothing better than to be invited out for dinner. And the smart ones have friends all over the world. That's where their reputation stems from. The difference between air hostesses and say, school teachers, is that air hostesses have more opportunities and the smart ones take advantage of that.'

Unlike school teachers however, the stewardesses don't get hired unless they're reasonably attractive. Thanks to their training, they understand that their job is to make passengers feel at home, especially male passengers. And while the airlines officially prohibit dating passengers, it is generally accepted that what a stewardess does between landing and her next take-off is her own business.

For the most part what happens between landing and the next take-off when it's a stopover in a foreign city, is always the same. The crew goes off together to the hotel. They spend their first day sleeping off their jet lag, and sitting around the hotel lobby at the strangest of hours, talking groggily among themselves. But after that, they split up. Some go off alone. Some stay in small groups. There isn't much to do. Time hangs heavy, and hotel beds mixed with daytime television is no fun. The girls want to go out, that's only natural. It's just that they don't know where to go.

'Making friends with stewardesses who are in town on a layover,' Bernard would say,

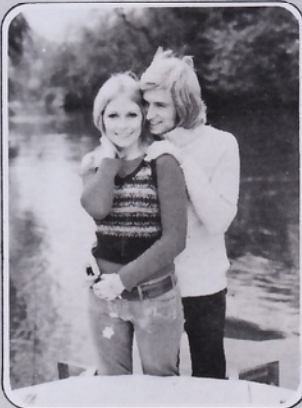
turn to page 74



'What do I do? Her tits just barked like a chihuahua!'

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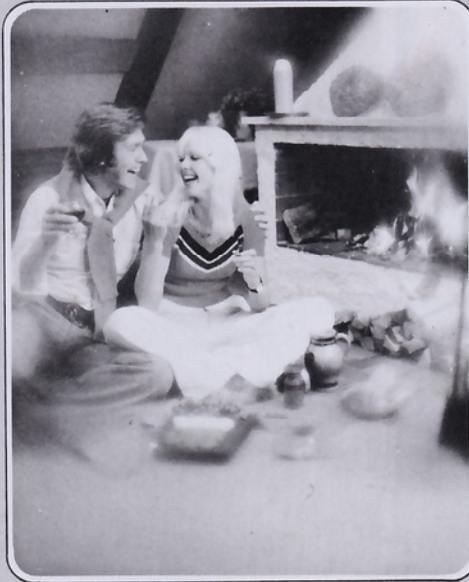
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1. Interests	
Pastime Interests	
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Card games	
Travel, Motoring & Camping	
Politics	
Eating out	
Photography & Science/Maths.	
Arts Interests	
Ballet, Cinema & Theatre	
Creative writing, Acting	
Social work, Psychology	
Literature & Poetry	
Ecology & History	
Art	
Sculpture	
Sports Interests Profile	
Outdoor	
Indoor	
Aquatic	
Aerial	
Country	
Musical Interests	
Progressive Music, Rock etc.	
Classical Music & Opera	
Folk Music & Jazz	

2. Personality profile test	
☐ Moody	☐ Touchy
☐ Anxious	☐ Restless
☐ Rigid	☐ Aggressive
☐ Sober	☐ Excitable
☐ Pessimistic	☐ Changeable
☐ Reserved	☐ Impulsive
☐ Unsociable	☐ Optimistic
☐ Quiet	☐ Active
☐ Passive	☐ Sociable
☐ Careful	☐ Outgoing
☐ Thoughtful	☐ Talkative
☐ Peaceful	☐ Responsive
☐ Controlled	☐ Easygoing
☐ Reliable	☐ Lively
☐ Even-tempered	☐ Carefree
☐ Calm	☐ Leadership

3. What would your ideal future relationship be?	
☐ Long lived	☐ Platonic
☐	☐ Physical

4. Politics:	
I would consider myself to be . . .	
☐ Conservative	☐ Other
☐ Socialist	☐ Unconcerned

5. I would like to meet partners who come from the following social backgrounds:	
☐ Industrial or other workers	
☐ Executive and professional classes	
☐ Don't mind	

6. Appearance — Build	
Myself	My choice
Physical appearance	
Myself	My choice

7. Confidential personal data	
My age is:	My Choice
My Height:	My Choice
Hair colour:	My Choice
Shape:	
My Choice	
Weight:	

Eye colour:	My Choice
Skin colour:	My Choice

Number of Diplomas/ GCE's and level	
Degrees	
Occupation	
Training	
Gross monthly Salary or Commission	

Marital Status	
Number of Dependent Children	
Number of children living with you or not	
Religion	
Have you any physical handicap?	

8. Address Mr/Mrs/Miss	
Christian Names	
Surname	
Street	
Town	
Post Code	
Telephone No.	

Declaration
I declare that I am unmarried, over 18 and wish to take part in the partner chance test free.
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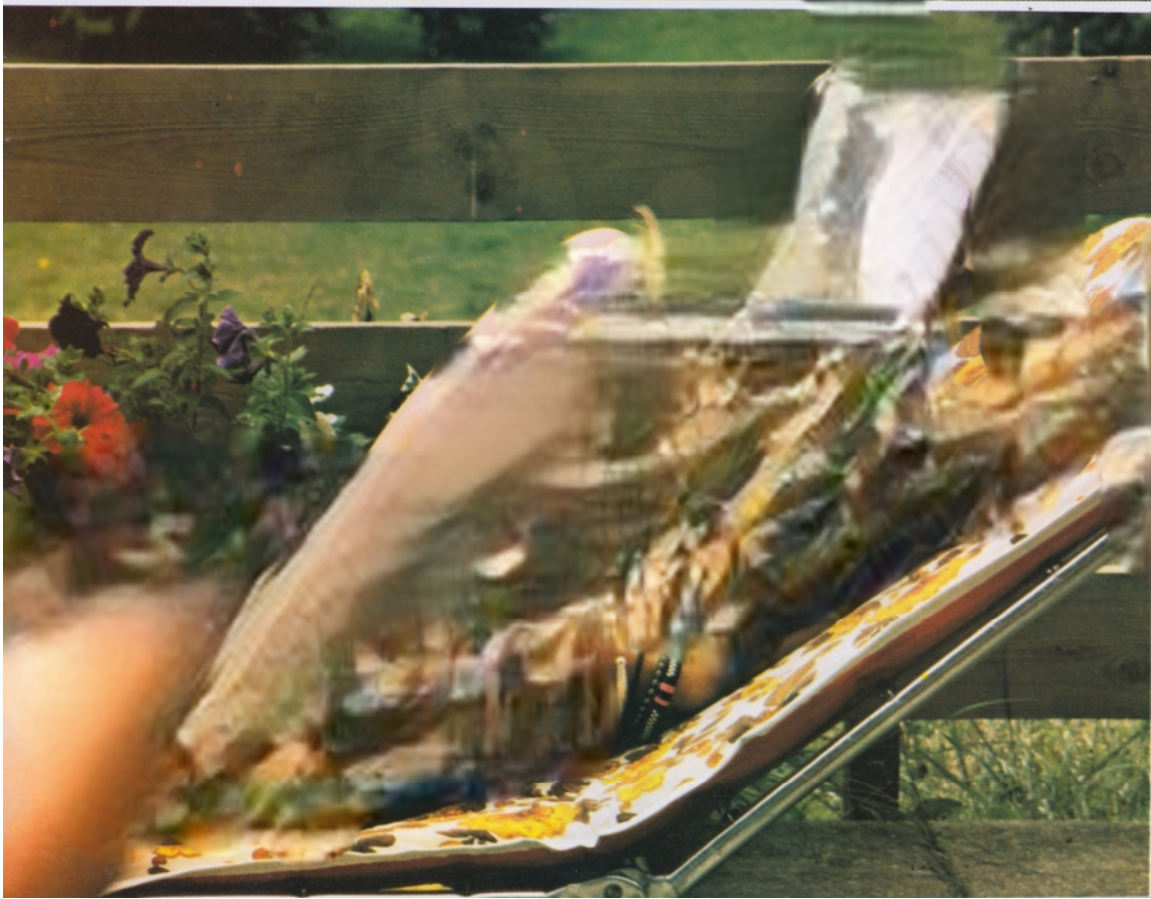
Miss Denmark Anette Dybdal

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
GERTH SERNELIN

Stripped of her swimsuit, here's our nudest Miss World finalist. Anette Dybdal, the 16-year-old Miss Denmark whose eyecatching 37-23-35 made her the sexiest superbird to grace the Royal Albert Hall on that chilly evening last November.

You all clamoured for a nude photo-set of this Scandinavian stunner knowing that if there was one magazine that could deliver the goods, it just had to be *Mayfair*. How right you all were. Anette, seen one from right in our black-and-white photograph in the company of the eventual contest winner, Mary Stavins — Miss Sweden, made it through to the final 15 and might well have gone on to even greater glory had she not been slightly under the official age limit of 17. But Anette still took many memories back to her home in Korup, a suburb of Denmark's third-largest city Odense on the island of Fyn, not least of which was appearing with all the other Miss World contestants in the Lord Mayor's Show adding their own allure to this event.







'It was a great experience' says Anette. 'I wouldn't have missed it for anything.' Those who lined the route of the Lord Mayor's procession will certainly recall seeing the bus carrying all the Miss World contestants, though glimpses of Anette were scarce. 'I didn't have any warm clothes so I stayed inside the bus most of the time,' she laughs, 'as it was such a cold day.' The Miss World contest wasn't in fact Anette's first beauty competition. Shortly before leaving home, she won the prestigious 'Miss Sunshine' title organised by the popular Danish weekly *Se og Hør*. In this contest, pictures of 64 girls are published with readers' votes being used to select eight for a live final – which Anette won. For the time being though, glamour pursuits have been shelved while Anette finishes her final few months of school. Already she's written about her travels for the school magazine and although the lure of full-time modelling is strong, Anette's own ambition on leaving school is to take a four-year fashion design course at college.



'I already make many of my own clothes,' says Anette, 'and it's something I'd really like to do as a full-time career.' That apart, Anette's other interests take in painting, ballet, playing the piano and her cats. 'We have three at home,' she smiles, and there's another one, which is half-wild, that visits us regularly.' There's one other facet to Anette's daily life that has us envying some of Odense's inhabitants. Why? Well, Anette has an afternoon paper round, and the sight of her arriving at the town's doorsteps must add an additional bit of zip to the day's news. Though she won't be 17 until next month, Anette's already come a long way; a more personable Danish Miss you couldn't wish to meet.





Coffee . . . tea . . . or one of the stewardesses
continued from page 66

'is much easier than making friends with your average nun. A whole lot easier.' Marie-Claude is 25 and French and speaks four languages. She's been flying with a British charter line since she left her job in Paris three years ago. 'If I smile at some passenger and he smiles back the right way, I'm saying that I'm available. If I find myself with five or six flights in a row to Athens or Nice or Barcelona, I'd like to know that there'll be someone in Athens or Nice or Barcelona who'll take care of me while I'm in town.'

With all those men to choose from, a few stewardesses say they find the situation interesting enough for a giggle or two. Brenda is a 26-year-old American air hostess. 'Every now and then a flight can be so boring that the only way to keep my sanity is to flirt with someone. I guess in some ways stewardesses have a bad reputation because we're being paid to flirt. But my way is a little different. Once I wrote a naughty note to a passenger. I told him what I'd do if I got him alone somewhere. But I didn't sign the note and I didn't let him see me put it on the seat next to him. Then I nearly laughed myself helpless while he tried to figure out which of the girls left the note.'

Another time, she says, she and a girlfriend teamed up to turn some chap on. 'This guy kept staring at our legs and every time we bent over he'd actually lean forward to peek under our skirts. We decided to have some fun, so we both slipped into the washroom and slipped out of our panties. Then we made a point of bending down just enough so he could figure it out. We laughed a lot about it, my girlfriend and I, and then decided that we'd give him a present. When I reached up to get his coat from the overhead rack, I put our panties in his pocket. What a smile he gave us when he stepped off that plane. That's one flight he'll never forget.'

One flight Karen will never forget took place over the North Atlantic where she was working for Laker. The 24-year-old redhead explains, 'I had a couple who actually did it while I was listening. It was a night flight so the plane was dark and most people were trying to sleep. I walked down the aisle and noticed that this couple was napping awfully close. They were covered with a blanket so I couldn't see anything, but his legs were across hers. She was on her back and he was under her, and they had their arms wrapped around each other. They were moving very slowly. I realised what was happening and sat down in the seat behind them and listened for the longest time until I heard him groan and by that time I was so turned on that I had to go to the toilet. It doesn't happen on every flight . . . in fact, it had never happened before and it hasn't happened since.' Karen says that for the most part, nothing much happens on board, although the girls make the usual jokes about such things and one of the combinations is the obvious one: air stewardesses and pilots. Now the pilots say such things as, 'No stewardesses

for me. Too much like officers and enlisted men.' And the air stewardesses say, 'Pilots? Not for me. They're as old as my father.' But then you have to consider the fact that these pilots leave home for two or four or 15 days and with them is a crew full of pretty girls, and they all get bored.

For openers, there's always the possibility of a little love in the cockpit. The complexities of flying have made the short hauls the busy ones. But on longer flights, especially the trans-Atlantic runs, the business of flying has become so automated that there have been cases of cockpit crews falling asleep from boredom.

'There are some girls we call cockpit dollies,' says Jocelyne, a 28-year-old Air France blonde. 'They're the ones who make eyes at the pilots and get called upfront so they won't have to work very much. Every so often some giggling goes on. The really young stewardesses are the ones who get mixed up in that. The older girls are too wise. Once we were flying to Rio and as soon as we crossed the equator the pilot called one girl and told her to bring a bottle of champagne with her. This was her first flight out of Europe. When she got to the cockpit, they closed the door behind her and explained that because this was her first trip across the equator she would have to be initiated into the club. I forget the name they made up for it. Something like the Society of Neptune. Wide-eyed, the girl asked what the initiation was and they said she'd have to strip and they would pour the champagne over her. I know she did it because I saw her afterwards.'

However the more logical place for anything to happen between a pilot and one of his air stewardesses is in the hotel where they're both going to spend several days with nothing to do and nowhere to go. One of the most famous Air France stories took place in New York. And Jocelyne immediately insists that she wasn't there. It seems a pilot had been making eyes at one of the stewardesses for the entire flight. They had flown together before and might even have been involved with each other before the flight. In any case, the co-pilot and three of the other girls made a few jokes about it and eventually decided to have a little fun. When the pilot and the stewardess went out to dinner, the four crew members crept into the pilot's room with the

idea of leaving a few signs of previous female company. While they debated whose panties to put where and what lipstick to smear where, the maid came to the door. The four of them jumped behind the long curtains that hung in front of the window. They held their breaths as the maid straightened the bed they had messed up, and put the room into order. It seemed to take forever. Just as the maid was ready to leave, the pilot and his stewardess friend returned. Now the four behind the curtain looked at each other. They shrugged and made faces, and the co-pilot motioned that they couldn't burst out now without risking the wrath of the captain. The maid left, and that's when the pilot and the stewardess fell onto the bed. Clothes started coming off and before too long, the pair on the bed was unknowingly turning-on the four behind the curtain. It lasted for over an hour, becoming almost unbearable for the co-pilot who was standing cramped against three equally turned on young girls. Finally the pilot and his companion exited together for a shower, at which time the four from behind the curtain beat a hasty retreat to safety, which meant the hotel's bar. There they got good and drunk and swore never to reveal the name of the pilot or the stewardess. But they also admitted among themselves that they couldn't wait to get back to Paris to tell the story.

'Goings-on between members of the crew is probably a lot more common than hostesses and passengers,' says Barbara, a 27-year-old British stewardess. 'But then whenever people travel together for any length of time you always know who's sleeping with who, so goings-on among the crew is more obvious too. But no stewardess is going to turn down the right passenger. Why should she? On the other hand, if she wants to avoid all the talk that usually goes on among crews, she might well avoid making eyes at a pilot or one of the stewards. It's difficult, however, because you have to understand that when we do a trip, we're a whole crew living together and there's always a few of the fellows who are on the make. There's usually also a few of the girls who are on the make as well. The tough part comes when you're with a bunch of people that much, and you're not on the make, but you have to be pleasant even if you don't particularly like them enough to be friends when you get home. Well, once we were on a trip to Tokyo and there was one girl who'd been a true bitch for the entire trip. It got so bad that we all decided we had to teach her a lesson. This is just to show you the way you end up thinking when you're living in such close quarters for so long a period away from home. We got to her suitcase when it was being loaded aboard for the run home. At Customs in Heathrow the officer asked what each of us had to declare and insisted that we all open our luggage. As the girl opened the lock on hers, everyone in the crew, the Customs men and everyone else who was standing around couldn't help but see. Sitting on top of her neatly packed clothes, was a 12-inch rubber dildo.' 





LAST CHANCE FOR '78

MAYFAIR'S 1978 COLOUR CALENDAR

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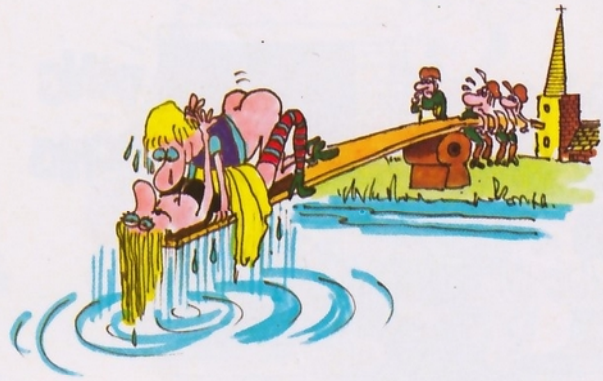
*'O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams'*
Richard III. I.iv.2

Ro Holds Bard

Cartoonist Peter Maddocks
puts his own interpretations to famous
lines from Shakespeare



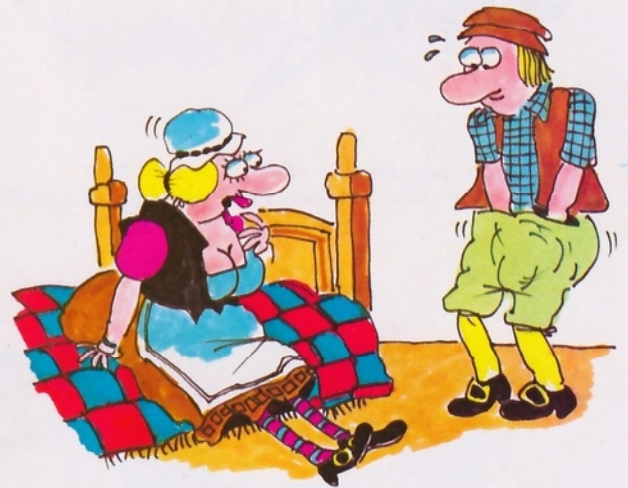
'Where the bee sucks, there suck I'
The Tempest V.i.56



*'It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino'*
As You Like It V.iii.18



'Et tu Brute!'
Julius Caesar III.i.77



'Methinks it is like a weasel'
Hamlet III.ii.400



'I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him'
Henry V. IV. iii.29



'A little touch of Harry in the night'
Henry V. IV. i.47



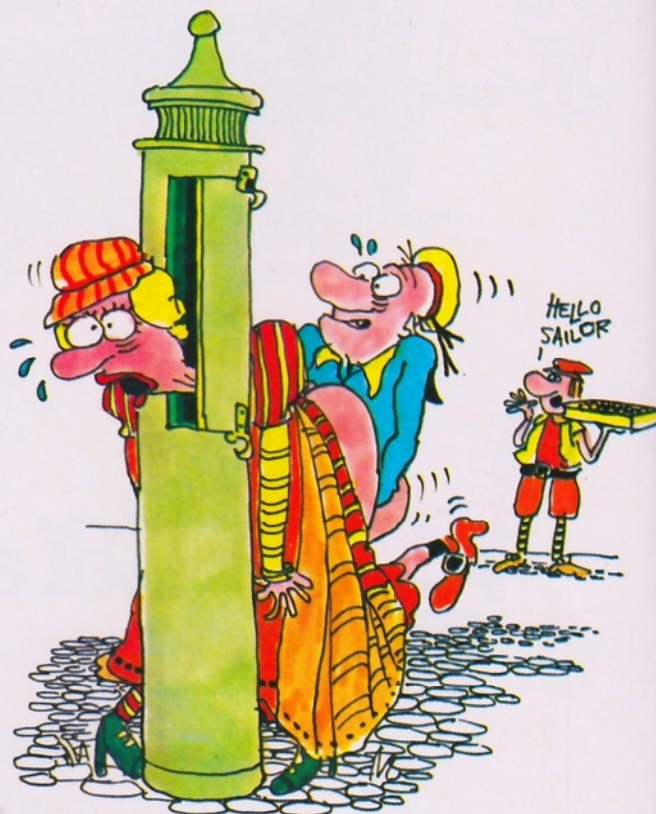
'You come most carefully upon your hour'
Hamlet I.i.6



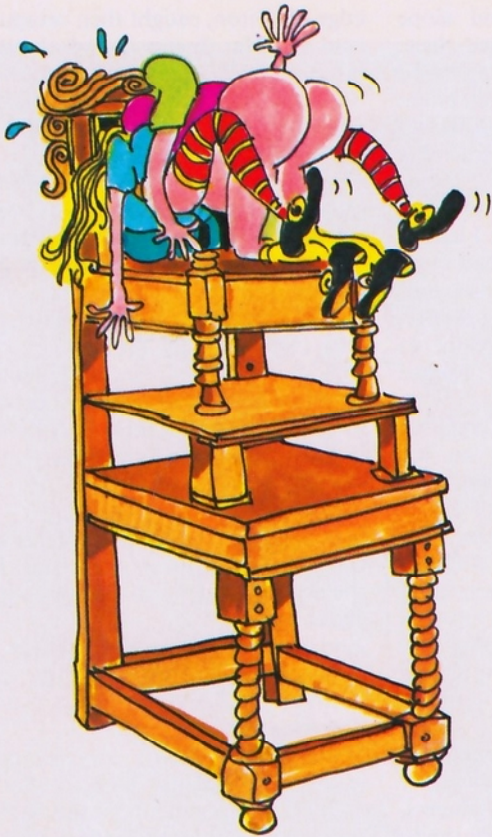
'When shall we three meet again?'
Macbeth I.i.1



'Look here, upon this picture, and on this'
Hamlet III.iv.53



'Thou stickest a dagger in me'
Merchant of Venice II.ix.39



'For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground'
Richard II, II.iii.155



'I dare not fight but I will wink and hold out'
Henry V II.Chorus.16



'They say he made a good end'
Hamlet IV.v.184

Realsex and Partners

continued from page 35

disposal care, ignored the lack of lemon. As she sipped, I angled back, letting plummy enjoy the curve of her back, her bum's rounded squatness.

A slow count of ten. My hand snaked along the leather, crooked her shoulder.

'Neil.' An exquisite shiver; I watched in delicious admiration.

'I think you're getting fresh.'

'It's the drink,' I said. 'I apologise.'

'But you haven't touched it.' Her head drew a stiff shadow over her glass.

I leaned my thigh into hers. 'That's why I'm apologising.'

It was a slow, earthy chuckle, gut-deep, utterly feminine, indestructible. On good days I'd heard it shake our flat walls. But no fainting fiancée made that sound. Swallowing foreboding, I watched her strangle it with an upturned look. And a look. The look in that first disco. Flesh hooding dark, dark eyes, heavy with the memory of flesh. Desire a memory, a possibility; a fathomless river aching for the swimmer. And out of that an incomparable challenge; ancient as rock, real as flesh. As sensuality, as Sex. Realsex.

I swallowed harder, to avoid abysses.

Real sex. At your fingertips. Pluck it, *take*. Unthought, my fingers traced a path to her shoulder, ruffled the loose fabric there to search the warmth beneath, found the straightness of a collar bone. Breath eased from her nostrils. Lashes lowered, not shifting her stare.

My fingers moulded the soft hollow of an

armpit. Slipped down the liquid slope of a breast netted in castellated lace. 'Neil,' she breathed. My scooping hand let warmth and weight balance in my palm. My thumb fanned the yielding softness, feeling with her rush of breath the sudden pout of nipple.

'We mustn't do this, you know.' Her wide-pupilled eyes drank in mine. When I leaned across they trawled my lips, her head moving subtly to accommodate me. For seconds we brushed soft outer lips, sinking deeper, on the inspiration of excited breath, to wetter, fleshier parts; then her tongue stabbed impishly.

And we were sprawling on the creaking Chesterfield, my fingers rasping on the curve of warm nylon, probing her skirt, stubbing on the metal hardness of a suspender stud. While Caroline's lean, red-tipped fingers rubbed and rubbed with uninhibited urgency at the ridged material of my trouser front.

A spasm and I jerked away, gasping; my rising stiffness diverted into a painful fold of Y-front.

'Oh Christ -'

'Let me.' A slim, firm hand urged me against the back leather, pushed aside my leg and eased down, trailing long fingers, onto the stiff ridge along my inner thigh. She stroked, chuckling lighter now; plummy and I watched, fiancée fantasy forgotten. Caroline's pleasure was personal, singular. No more argument now; only the excellence of performance.

Practised fingers prised my flap; the zip purred. I winced as released flesh arched an

edge of cotton, caught then catapulted into cool air. Her fingers curled about the hot fatness.

'Oh my.' Her shaken head uncovered a glistening look; a thin shudder. 'You're big tonight.'

I grinned. 'Part of the service.' Refusing to see plummy, but Caroline's eyes trapped me.

'Haven't seen you so big for a long time.' While her fingers began a slow pump. A gasp caught in my chest, a spasm below. I shut my mouth, angling quickly forward.

'No, I'm too ready. Sorry -'

The pump slowed; she still smiled, then twisted and sank, settling between my knees, grew comfortable and bowed, kissing with agonising tenderness.

'Nice?'

'Extremely.'

Too late I saw the deceit. Her lips swooped, catching my spasm in a wet vice. Abruptly she'd gone, and I was left gasping; fingers clutching air.

And she began again; a steady probing ascent, her tongue flickering, caressing, until -

'Caroline!'

My hips shuddered, my fingers clawed leather. I dared not look at plummy; he didn't pay to see me spout this soon.

Impatient, Caroline gripped the shaft's root. Lips funnelled over head, sinking, squeezing. Brunette strands draped my groin. I doubled over, hissing: 'Don't. I can't stop.' The brunette shook, the grip tightening. On the sofa's edge I poised, sneezing breath, eyes and stomach muscles clenched. Warm

turn to page 82





PAINTED LADIES
Classic canvasses undressed and



Skirting the Flood
updated by Ronald Cobb

Real Sex & Partners

continued from page 80

wet pressure syphoned ecstasy. Fiercer, faster, suddenly unstoppable.

My hands cupped her darting head.

'Caroline!'

And burst: strong-hard, strong-sweet, sweet, sweet, jarring the room. Then lesser, and lesser, leaving only my heart's hollow thud, the memory of impossible release.

And she was rising, sprawling in my lap, dragging down my swimming head, my lips. Useless, I slumped, her short, sharp tongue corkscrewing about mine.

Coughing, panicked, I pulled apart and back, swallowing and staring down at her. Her arms bridged my knees, my limpness between, breathless. Ducking, she pecked it rose with a Cheshire cat grin.

'Undress me.'

Command, coax, challenge. Brunette and pubic hair meshed again. I felt her tongue lift and drop me. And smiled into her rising face.

Sometimes the spasm of sex is an elongated sneeze, fierce but debilitating. Other times the first shivering rise on a cosmic roller-coaster, each peak topping the one before; desire embalming each body in a mutual cocoon, setting flesh afire, annihilating skin, bone, hair, sweat in a single, well-oiled heat. While the mind, freed, hovers in the background and marvels at the magic only flesh can work.

I marvelled tonight, balanced naked above Caroline on the thick-piled carpet, watching the warm-lit contours of her body, catching her squeeze of breath as my fingers snagged the thick stubble of nipple and her hair-veiled head tossed involuntarily. A small victory over play, but sweetened by sharing.

'Neil -'

Her back arched, eyes stared and snapped shut; her thighs shook and heaved, fingers scrabbling at the knees that propped hers open. 'Oh, please, please -'

And like a slow leviathan, siren-summoned, my hardness nudged her inner thigh, skulked on the edge of her sheen of fur and found warm, wet favour while she snorted and shook..

'Oh my God, don't tease -'

And, from the buttocks, thrust deep, hard,

swift and pistoned back. Caroline screamed soundlessly.

'Nice?'

Just breath enough.

'You fucking bastard.' Not deigning to open her eyes. 'Don't stop -' And again, while her fingers clawed my arms. In and back, slow, steady, feeling my fatness expand, outpacing my own pulse of ecstasy, shaving the finest slivers off that final, fusing explosion. Till Caroline's bursting breath overtook mine, hissing out: 'Oh God, you're gorgeous!' and almost hugged my rhythm to a halt.

I tried to laugh for joy, prising back her arms. Abruptly she snapped back, wide awake, lifting her head to peer down between our bodies.

'Oh, you fuck - you big fuck -'

Engrossed, her hand squeezed between us, fingers dividing round my shaft, pressing into her own parted flesh.

'Oh, look at it - look at it -' We did - Caroline, plummy and I, at the wand webbing bewitching power from every corner of the room, the house, the heath, the sky. My eyes filmed; I blinked away red haze, thoughtless, feeling my body peaking, teetering on a brink. And saw Caroline's face.

Floating, isolated, huge; charged with pale, luminous, unutterable beauty. Washed innocently clean of guilt, guile, even adulthood itself. Leaving only wonder, only awe. Making mine the greater.

'You're fucking me.' A voice of child-like surprise. 'You're fucking me -'

And the spasm took me, snapping off her breath in a gasp of shock, so swift the spurt whipped my peak of ecstasy behind it. I thrust to catch it, my knees slipping. An animal grunt burst from her throat. Eyes clenched, forehead furrowed deep, she pumped her thighs.

'Oh come, come -'

Our bodies slapped. Fingers ploughed my back. As the last spurt squeezed my breath, she bleated soundlessly, then breathlessly, jerked from frenzy to rigidity, softening, curling to fill the hollow of my collapsed body. And was still. My ears, pressed between tangled brunette and carpet, heard no breath. Storm tides ebbed, tall waves wallowed, slopping from horizon to hori-

zon. My mind stretched, sinking into sleep. The sob jarred. Hearing it again rooted my senses; my body hummed with fatigue; a damp thigh pained; an elbow throbbed. Bloody heavy in my brain, I pulled away from Caroline, twisted up, blinking bleared eyes.

The lamplight was gold, familiar but ancient, gilding Caroline's curled torso. Wincing, I turned. Slipped feet intruded from shadow; dark flannels seemed to cloak skeletal legs, they trembled, then jerked. I squinted. Plummy slumped in his armchair, his gown crumpled shapelessly, his head tilted back and sideways; grey, strained, dribbling tears.

Dumbfounded, I stared. I knew the fixed, hard-breathing attention of solitary watchers, the nervous giggles of a group, even the spontaneous eruption of orgy - but never this.

He was destroyed, a botched scarecrow.

I opened my mouth, paused, grabbed illogically for my Y-fronts. Caroline murmured, stirred.

'Look -' I said, covering myself.

'Oh God.' Plummy's whole body shifted formlessly; his head swung. 'I'm so sorry. I didn't mean this - to make an exhibition. You must forgive -' A sob squeezed fresh tears. A hand touched my thigh.

'What's the matter?' whispered Caroline. I shook my head; got to my knees.

'If we've offended you in any way -'

'Oh no, oh no -' sobbed plummy; his hand clutched at a handkerchief. He straightened slightly, covering his face. 'You were perfect. Perfect. Just as I asked.'

A Himalayan sigh. 'You brought it all - back. All -'

'I'll get you a coffee,' said Caroline, rising abruptly, business-like, behind me. Watching plummy slump again, I heard the snicker-snack of nylons, knickers. 'Make him talk,' she whispered, leaving.

I stared after her, frowning; reached for my trousers. 'We reminded you of someone?' I tried.

Another sigh. 'So alike, your Miss Mortimer and - and my wife. Same colour hair, same movement -'

I zipped my trousers, pondered whether to ask which movement. 'Your wife's not here, then?'

I sat on the sofa, easing on my shirt. His face, a mask of forces, wiped of youth, gazed fixedly at the ceiling. Thankfully no sobs returned.

'We argued, she left; so stupid the rush. I could have stopped her. It was a pile-up near Luton. The others weren't even scratched. She knew nothing. Nothing.'

With a sick feeling, I remembered a bulletin that morning. Two sentences on LBC. Beautiful.

Caroline stood in the doorway. I gestured helplessly at her. She stared at plummy.

'I wanted,' he breathed, 'I wanted to see it as we were. We were so perfect, so perfect, in the beginning. Like a dream. You know, I never made love to another woman. In twenty-five years. I never wanted anyone else. Never - she was my first too. My very first, and my last -'



'There ain't room in this town for the four of them.'

MAYFAIR'S MOST EROTIC FILM YET

Starring magnificent Mandy Kuypers in full-colour — the sixth in our series of *Mayfair's* greatest girls on film for home viewing

Mandy Kuypers (right), holds warm memories for all who caught her 5 feet 6 inch, 37-24-36 in the centre of our Vol. 10 No. 6. Mandy came our way via the film *Percy's Progress*, in which she appeared, appropriately, as a beauty queen. Now Mandy strips again, in our sexiest, most erotic film yet. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or constrain Mandy's mind-



blowing bottom. Boob-fanciers too will find much to admire as her office misadventures leave Mandy deliciously bare. Magnificent Mandy is available in clear, large-image Super 8mm format and can be yours to enjoy again and again for only £8.00 fully inclusive of all postage and packing, which can't be too bad for a film which, judging from your comments so far, seems destined to become a landmark in arousing home entertainment. Get your order off now and you'll soon be enjoying Mandy at her randiest.



Caroline Dell is again available in Standard 8

Mayfair additionally offers you five other masterpieces of erotic home entertainment. Five full-colour films and five great girls, all of them with that certain extra 'something' that sets them apart. There's cool, swinging blonde Caroline Dell with all the svelte appeal of a young Monroe and Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, and when you see her in a shiny polythene bikini, you'll know just why we *had* to capture her on film. If uniforms turn you on, you'll love air-hostess Sophie, whose full-breasted, long-legged attractions are revealed when her crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And finally there's cute, cuddly Victoria Jane — soft and warm with velvet eyes and dark flowing hair. She's all yours, along with Caroline, Sylvia, Penny, and Sophie in our outstanding 8mm colour format for just £8.00 each. Great value for five really great girls.

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ERICA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
ROY BREWINGTON

Last year, 21-year-old Erica Watson broke her own personal record for Valentines by getting no fewer than 15 cards from anonymous suitors. 'And I'm keeping my fingers crossed that this year the total will be even higher,' she smiles. 'It's a great boost to a girl's ego to know that so many chaps fancy her.' Erica's head-turning catchment area is Eastbourne down on the Sussex coast. 'Great in summer,' she maintains, 'but for my money even nicer in winter because it's so much less crowded.'







Erica's winter activities tend to encompass exercising her 35-23-36 on bracing walks over Butt's Hill – which overlooks Eastbourne – and on the cliffs that back Beachy Head. 'I got a little beagle puppy for Christmas,' grins Erica. 'Naturally enough, I've called him Snoopy and I take him out with me on my walks. Sometimes I wonder who is supposed to be exercising whom, because he's got an amazing amount of energy for a little dog. And an amazingly large appetite too,' she adds, watching Snoopy making rapid inroads into a large can of dog food. 'Of course,' adds Erica, 'the nice thing about walks is that if you time them right, you can end up at a pub to coincide with opening time. There's one absolutely smashing place nearby, but I'm not going to name it as it's my great retreat. The only hint I'll give is that it has the name of an animal.'



She grins. 'OK, one more clue as you insist: the pub's near Birling Gap and more than that I absolutely refuse to say. It is worth the hunt though; all oldy-worldy and unspoilt with lots of beams and brasses and a big open fire. Tell you what though, I'll give you the name of another place I go as it's big enough to accommodate all comers. *The Sundowners Club* is the name. Actually that reminds me of another place I go to from time-to-time - *The International Country Club* in Peacehaven, which is just past Newhaven on the way to Brighton. I don't go there all that often though in case you want to pass the message on to all my fans.' Erica giggles. 'This may not be the first step to stardom, but it's great fun'.





DOCTOR PROVES ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well-endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This

model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £15.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD A DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.



THE CHARTHAM METHOD
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Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results - a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr. Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it. An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he received over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectured on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and that experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement - the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection.

The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to 1 1/4" in length and 3/4" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between 3/4" to 1" in length and between 1/2" and 3/4" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1 1/2" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added 3/4" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on 3/4" in length and just over 1 1/4" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6 1/2" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest.

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of 3/4" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4 3/4" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5 1/2". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

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C 10



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Ten

Men, it has only recently been acknowledged, can be as sensitive about sex as women are alleged to be. They are particularly vulnerable when their sex organs

are criticised by a partner. This month Quest shows how damaging such male fears can be and how, with understanding, they can effectively be quelled.

INTRODUCTION

Traditionally it is the woman who lays claim to sensitivity where sex is concerned. In reality there are few men who do not appreciate the compliments of a sexual partner, and often actively seek them out. A wrong word – particularly in an early encounter where a man is comparatively inexperienced – can have longlasting effects. In two of our interviews this month we talk to young men who became convinced in their earliest sexual encounters that their penises were of smaller than average size and therefore inadequate to satisfy a woman fully. Not until later, happier encounters were they able to realise that their fears were groundless. Our third interview shows how misunderstanding can arise from the other side. A young woman who admits her own sexual inadequacies describes how she came to put the blame on her partner's 'inadequate' penis. The lesson seems to be that sympathy, understanding and maturity can solve problems on both sides.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Computer Programmer, 26 years old, town of origin Dover

This – male – interviewee had taken a degree course at a Midlands technical college before taking up his present occupation. He shared a flat with his girlfriend.

Quest: You don't seem to have had a spectacular sex life until quite recently.

Programmer: Thanks for the encouragement! No, Di – my girlfriend – has made a lot of difference. I was pretty mixed up before I met her.

Quest: Because of what had happened with your first girl?

Programmer: If I'm honest, yes. That sounds terribly unfair to Lisa – I realise now she was a lot more mixed up than I thought she was at the time, but she did leave a few nasty scars.

Quest: By convincing you that you were under endowed?

Programmer: I wish she'd put it so nicely.

Quest: Lisa was the first girl you went to bed with?

Programmer: Had a proper affair with, yes.

Quest: How did you meet her?

Programmer: Very soon after I went to technical college. I'd never been away from home before – to live – or seen so many girls of my age, or thereabouts, in one place. One day I had to go to the arts department – I was doing general science; you don't get many women there – and got a bit lost. I remember following two or three other people through a door into one of the graphics rooms – there were about four people in there doing very fine airbrush work; something that needed lots of quiet and stillness. The kids I was following were laughing and joking a bit and suddenly there was this loud scream. One of the

graphics students was bawling her head off, saying, 'Why the fuck, can't you keep that bloody door shut!' So viciously the others just mumbled and hurried out. And I was left wondering, what had happened and staring at this gorgeous woman who looked as if she was going to kill me. She wasn't pretty; she really was beautiful – which meant that she could get away with bawling at people like that, and a lot of other things, I found out later. And her figure was a dream; very short but with fantastic boobs. I just grinned at her, very inanely, I thought but apparently to her – I also found out later – it looked like the height of smoothness and cheek; and ambled out, still completely lost, and about three seconds later realised I'd gone a bomb over her.

Quest: And you asked her out?

Programmer: She asked me, eventually. I didn't see her again for ages. Then it was the end of term and I'd practically given her up. It was just before the summer vacation – everyone was a bit merry – and she bumped into me in the corridor, quite pissed, I think – I was a bit myself, and pinned her telephone number to my shirt. Then she'd gone. It turned out that she lived at home quite near to college, so I scraped my grant together and stayed on another week, phoned her up and asked her out.

Quest: How did it go?

Programmer: Fine. She lived with her mother who was divorced and spent the week, or most of it with a boyfriend, twenty or thirty miles away. I arranged to see her next in mid-week when I knew my landlady was going to be away for a couple of days. The scene was set for my great seduction.

Quest: And was it?

Programmer: Yes and no. I'd gone to enormous trouble, booked a restaurant, which practically bankrupted me, got some wine in at home. Then I met her at the station, but she'd eaten already because her mother had turned up without warning. So that threw everything out: we went to a pub then ended up in my landlady's living room, watching an old film on telly at some ridiculously early hour. Then she wanted to know what the time was – it couldn't have been eleven and she had to leave by half past; so I told her and she asked how long it took to get to the station. By then I was in despair; I hadn't even touched her, let alone kissed her; it was worse than the first time. So more out of desperation than anything else I said, 'The time doesn't matter too much; you can always go in the morning.' And she just nodded, said something about getting back by lunchtime and went on watching telly.

Quest: And you went to bed?

Programmer: I had a large bed, thank goodness; I let her go first – it was so totally normal, we could have been married – and crept in after her when the light went out. She was naked, waiting for me, and we screwed more or less straightaway. Then we talked until the early hours and did it again. It was fantastic.

Quest: Satisfactory for both of you?

Programmer: As far as I could tell. I found

out why she was so blasé. Apparently I was about the twentieth bloke she'd screwed – that was our confession interlude; I told her I'd only had one girl before and that not very satisfactorily.

Quest: And you believed her?

Programmer: Oh she was capable of it. For a start she was beautiful. Any girl can get sex simply by saying, 'How about it?' – what man is going to refuse when he doesn't have to do anything? But when a girl is likely to have blokes swarming around anyway, sex just doesn't become a problem. Good relationships, perhaps – but if all she's after is a fuck. . .

Quest: That's all she wanted?

Programmer: She was an incredible mixture; one minute like a big kid, the next very very hard – I suppose you get like that if every other bloke tries to rip your knickers off. But she was very strong willed; she insisted that all she did want was a good, satisfying sexual relationship – which suited me fine, I thought then – we talked about it more as we went on, and frankly it was a help having someone who knew exactly what to do.

Quest: Sexually?

Programmer: Yes. She gave me the best blow job I've ever had, though she had an annoying habit of adding things like, 'You taste a bit acidic; I've never known anyone who tasted quite like that.'

Quest: How did the relationship progress?

Programmer: I stayed two or three nights that first week – at her mother's place. Then I ran out of money and had to go home.

Quest: And things still went well?

Programmer: Less well, as we went on. She started to say when she couldn't climax, which only made me try harder. I was even battier about her than before. I remember licking her off madly for about half an hour without getting her anywhere, and then she said that had never worked properly for her before, except with some bloke who'd had a particularly prickly moustache. I was going through agonies every time she brought up the past. It was a classic situation. The less interested she became the more I tried and only made it worse. I just made a fool of myself.

Quest: She asked you to go?

Programmer: Not until term started again. It got more and more tense. Then she couldn't see me for nearly a fortnight. And the week after term started I went to stay again, and that's when it went all wrong.

Quest: In what way?

Programmer: We went to bed early and I thought for a minute everything was fine again. For me it was a really good fuck. I felt bigger, stronger than I'd been for some time; and she used to have a way of biting her lip when she climaxed and she did that. I remember slumping, absolutely knackered, on those beautiful great boobs she had and suddenly she said, 'It just doesn't work.' So I asked what she meant, and she said, very calmly, 'I can't feel you, I can't come.' Now I knew her previous boyfriend who'd been much older had been apparently quite a stud which presumably meant a big cock, though I didn't want too many details. So I asked if she was thinking of him. She said,

Impotence-Doctors Report

In recent years statistics have shown an alarming increase in the number of men of all ages who admit to the depressing prospect that they are partially or totally impotent (in other words they are unable to obtain or maintain a full penile erection). In our present society loss of sexual capacity can and does strike men of all ages.

In the past there was little that could be done to relieve this frightening condition. Many sufferers in desperation were forced to resort to unorthodox quack cures which proved scientifically ineffective. However doctors now report that there is a simple and effective way for men to regain their potency, which has been subjected successfully to modern scientific tests (writes a Medical Correspondent).

Stress and strain

Many reasons have been put forward to explain the condition known as partial impotence. Stress, tension and modern pressures all undoubtedly have an effect on sexual performance. Too little exercise, too much alcohol, too many cigarettes - all contribute to lowering the overall efficiency of the body and so help impotence to gain a hold.

Once it does, many men try to put the idea to the back of their minds, or to pretend that it is 'normal' at their age. Ashamed of what their friends might say if they knew, too embarrassed to seek medical advice, they hope it is just a passing phase, something that will somehow, given time, right itself. But all too often a psychological block sets in, and rather than get better the condition gets worse.

Eventually the sufferer comes to convince himself that the inability to get an erection - or at best to get only a partial one - is something that has to be accepted and lived with. However the idea that any healthy man must put up with reduced sexual vigour and loss of erectile capacity is simply not true.

New findings

Recent medical investigations have shown that an aid called the Blakoe Energising Ring can restore full capacity and greatly increase rigidity of erection in men with impotence problems.

The Ring is worn around the penis and scrotum and by generating a minute electrical current produces an energising effect on the sexual organ, improving blood flow through the genitals and enhancing erectile capacity.

Reports in medical journals

Results of medical investigations into the Blakoe Energising Ring have already led to publication of reports in medical journals testifying to its efficiency under medically observed conditions.

A report in "Medical Digest" by a General Practitioner describes the successful treatment of patients with the Blakoe Energising Ring with very encouraging results. Consider the three examples which he quotes.

One patient was a fit and active 60-year old who found that after wearing the Blakoe Energising

Ring for only three weeks his erections had become 40 to 50 per cent more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3 to 4 per month to 8 per month. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Enthusiastic wife

A second patient, himself a doctor, complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help, but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In ten days

A third patient - a man of 59 - found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the correct sized Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within ten days.

Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

A specialist's report

Writing in the British Journal of Psychiatry and the medical publication "On Call", a specialist with a particular interest in sexual difficulties reported trials of the Blakoe Energising Ring in thirty men suffering from impotence. Many of them had undergone previous treatment - including hormones - without benefit.

These patients with an average age of 35 took part in specially designed controlled clinical trials. Assessment of the result was made using a sexual rating scale (usually used for drugs). At the end of the trials the doctor declared that the Blakoe Energising Ring had a statistically significant effect in overcoming impotence. In lay terms this means that the device could be considered a medically acceptable treatment for impotence.

Robert Chartham:

Impressive results

Dr. Robert Chartham, PhD., the world-renowned expert on sexual problems, tested the Blakoe Energising Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence which he was treating. In his report he states: 'In my view the energising properties are remarkable, and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men, it is a boon. Nowadays I would not dream of having a day in London, or undertaking an unusually heavy physical task without wearing mine'.

Five of the men he treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the Ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the Ring.

Dr. Chartham also maintained that the electrical effect was an important aspect of the Energiser.

In addition to these Doctors' reports, readers will find the following testimonials interesting, thousands of which have been received during the 45 years that the Blakoe Energising Ring has been available.

... I must say the energising ring is fantastic. I find it comfortable to wear, and it really does work ... I must give full marks to the 'energiser' it makes one ready at a moment's notice ...
From a Physician M.B., Ch.B.

... Three weeks ago I received an energiser ... I am absolutely thrilled at the effects produced by it in so short a time, both in respect of my Urinary system, general well-being and of erection, which, from being almost non-existent is now firm and strong, with intercourse resumed after many months of enforced abstinence ...
Mr. V. Scotland

I have been wearing the Energiser ... also noticed a decided benefit and improvement. I have just celebrated my 70th birthday and regret that I did not know of this discovery 20 years ago ...
Mr. C Italy

... I purchased 3 weeks ago a Blakoe Energising Ring and I just had to write this letter of appreciation to you to express my thanks for such a marvellous appliance. I wear it always and I do not know I have it on due to the comfort, but I certainly know I have it on for the results it gives ...
Mr. B. Manchester

... As far as I am concerned the results have been extraordinary. For nearly two years I had been, with highly qualified medical advice, taking various drugs, injections, etc. in an attempt to cure my near impotence. The effect, if any, was not to me noticeable. In some desperation I ordered your ring and the results were immediate, to my great astonishment and pleasure. Mr. W. Wilts.

... I was very impressed in the energising ring, I have had one for 2 years and have found it really marvellous, in fact it is everything your claims say it is ...
Mr. D. Ches.

... I purchased one of your energising rings about two weeks ago with I may say, sir, fantastic results. It's

like a new world to me now as I have been impotent nearly twenty years and had almost given up hope ... I will surely recommend it to anyone in the same position. Mr. D. Southend.

The Blakoe Energising Ring is made from lightweight hygienic material containing galvanic inserts which give it electrical energy. No batteries are required. The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes. Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows: Take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles and underneath the neck of the testicle bag. Draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both the penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurement, send the lowest obtained - in the event of an incorrect fitting Ring being supplied we will always make an exchange - no man can ever end up with an incorrectly fitting Ring.

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'I just need to be filled up. I like you, but I like it to hurt when it goes in.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Programmer: I couldn't say anything. It felt like being clubbed. It seemed absurd, unfair. Then I got angry and said, 'You mean my cock's too small, that's what you're trying to say.' And she said, 'I just like to be filled.' So I got up and left.

Quest: Did you see her again?

Programmer: Distantly. I rang her a couple of days later, in the hope that something had changed; but she wouldn't see me. She said she was going out with someone else. So I said, 'Someone with a massive great cock, I suppose.' And she said, 'Yes,' and I slammed the phone down.

Quest: And you ended up bitter?

Programmer: It took me a few months to get her out of my system, but not what she'd said. I began to think I was some sort of dwarf. I fucked girls, not hundreds, but a few, but always one night stands – which isn't enough time to establish anything.

Quest: Did any of them criticise you?

Programmer: I didn't give them the chance. The point was it didn't feel that different from what it had been with Lisa.

Quest: But Di changed your mind?

Programmer: Overnight. She was really totally unexpected. We used to work together. And she was obviously attractive but married. My mind just closes off with married women. You might joke with them, but sexually, forget it. So we just got on well as friends, talking in the lunch hour mainly in the office. She didn't talk about her husband much but that was up to her. Anyway last year we started an annual dance to show off our loved ones and I brought along some woman I knew vaguely and Di turned up with her hubby. But about halfway through the evening it became obvious they weren't getting on, and then Di's husband stormed out. It was a big enough occasion for not everyone to notice but I did and by this time the bird I was with was being energetically chatted up by a mate whom she obviously preferred. So I made some excuse and went over to her; she was crying and I asked if everything was OK. She cheered up a bit and then got upset again and said something about, 'The bastard's gone off.' So I offered to take her home, really without any ulterior motive – I fancied her but the last thing I wanted was to get involved in some marital quarrel. But in the car it all came out.

Quest: About her husband?

Programmer: Apparently they'd been separated for a year – he was living with a girlfriend and she had the house. And she'd used the dance as a sort of excuse to see each other again, to find out if anything had changed; and obviously it hadn't.

Quest: What happened at her house?

Programmer: We had coffee in the living room and talked for hours. We said virtually all there was to say about each other.

Quest: Including what Lisa had told you?

Programmer: No, to be honest. I just told her it hadn't worked out.

Quest: Did you expect to stay?

Programmer: There was that kind of atmos-

phere. I knew something could happen and I kept wondering if I ought to leave. But then it just seemed to happen automatically.

Quest: How?

Programmer: Just a lull in the conversation; we were both sitting on the carpet by then with our backs against the sofa. Then we were kissing, and she seemed to like it as much as me. So I put my hand on her blouse buttons and undid one, and she said, 'No, I don't think we should,' but she didn't move, so we kissed some more and I got the front of her blouse open, and then began to lift her bra. And she started breathing hard and nibbling at my ear, and suddenly got up. So I sat there like a lemon, thinking, 'That's it, I've blown it.' But then the light went out and she came back and knelt beside me, just in the light of the fire, and peeled off her blouse and then her bra – she has lovely boobs, not enormous but just the right size for her; her back is very narrow – and looked at me and said, 'Please stay.' That was all she said. I began kissing her again and running my hands over her breasts and then kissing them and caressing them while she made all the right sounds. Then we lay down together and I pulled off my shirt and kicked off my trousers and eased her skirt and pants over her hips and opened her legs and slipped in. It was fantastic, like a beautiful dream. And all the time she just lay there and watched me – not woodenly, but making small almost childlike movements. Until I went right in and then she gasped and held me fiercely I thought I wouldn't be able to move. And as I came she gave this low, throaty little moan.

Quest: Obviously she didn't complain about the size of your penis.

Programmer: Afterwards we were lying there quietly on the carpet, curled up together, and the first thing she said was, 'God, it's been so long; I'd almost forgotten how good it could be.' Which did me a lot of good. Then she said that sexually it had never worked very well with her husband – though both had tried at first. And she started to tell me what a lovely body I had, which was even nicer, but then she started to run her hands over me, down my chest and eventually into my pubes. I must have started to flinch, so she said, 'You're not ticklish, are you?' So I said a bit, but she said, 'Don't worry; I'll be very gentle – I want to look at you,' And that, I suppose, made me freeze up. And she looked at me oddly and said, 'You're not shy, are you? But you're beautiful – you've got a beautiful thing –' And she began to squeeze it in her hand, and whisper, 'All stubby and fat; it touches me in all the right places –' Of course with that and all the touching my cock began to perk up and she went on stroking it and caressing it while it got more and more erect. In a way I couldn't believe her; I almost said, 'But don't you think it's a bit small' which seemed too crude somehow, so in the end I joked and said, 'You mean you noticed it.' And she just bent and kissed it and said, 'I thought you were going to break me; you're bloody enormous.' I can't describe how I felt. I just kissed her and suddenly she was climb-

ing across me, straddling me, and my cock was between us, as big as it had been before, and she took hold of it and guided it between her legs and eased herself down so that it just went inside her crack and she gave a great gasp and smiled at me and said, 'I want to see it go in – it's so beautiful, so hard and fat –' And then she thrust down with her hips and we screwed each other half to death.

Quest: You never discussed Lisa with her in detail?

Programmer: Later, yes. She said Lisa must have been deformed or something, or just too jaded to know a good thing when she had it. To be fair, though, I realise now Lisa was very neurotic – her family background was a mess and I know that worried her. I think she was really just scared of getting involved and she said the first thing that came into her mind. All I'm sure of is that everything worked out great in the end.

Quest: Thank you.

Two Laboratory Technician, 24 years old, brunette, single, town of origin Derby

This interviewee gained a position with a large pharmaceutical manufacturer immediately upon leaving school.

Quest: How important do you rate the size of a man's penis?

Technician: No beating around the bush, eh? I think penis size is most important – the most important factor in a relationship. I realise that everyone keeps telling you that size makes no difference, but I'm utterly convinced that they don't know what they're talking about. Incidentally, all that propaganda is put out by men.

Quest: You sound bitter.

Technician: I'm a bit bitter, sure. I had a very nice relationship going with this boy. It started out purely platonically.

Quest: But the relationship developed sexually?

Technician: Oh yes, sure. It all gets down to sex in the end.

Quest: And it wasn't satisfactory for you?

Technician: I didn't want to at first and I managed to keep him – Gerald – at bay for a week or two, but he was so persistent. It's as though men are motivated by one thing.

Quest: It's a basic human need.

Technician: Now don't you start. That's all Gerald used to say – that it was natural, and that everything would be all right. Men are all the same.

Quest: And when you did have sex, you were disappointed?

Technician: It's never great the first time is it?

Quest: You were a virgin when you went with Gerald?

Technician: What's wrong with that?

Quest: So, what were your expectations?

Technician: I don't know, really. My girlfriends told me all about it . . . well, you know – giggly schoolgirl stuff, but there was one girl in the class – not really a best friend who told us of her sexual exploits. You know, the whole bit – rose coloured glasses and all. I'd never read any sex manuals or anything, though I did have a pamphlet type thing on it which one of my girlfriends had given me. So silly now, but

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I used to be so ashamed of it – in case mum found it, that I kept it hidden in my wardrobe.

Quest: Was it explicit?

Technician: Good heavens, no. There were no pictures in it or anything – just drawings, you know, in outline. But it just seemed such a naughty thing to have. Especially the bits where it described intercourse.

Quest: What do you mean?

Technician: Well, just that it was done so coyly. Don't forget, that at my grammar school we didn't have sex education classes so it was all virgin territory for me – if you know what I mean.

Quest: So between this time and when you started to get involved in a sexual relationship with Gerald, what outlets did you have?

Technician: You mean did I bring myself off?

Quest: If you want to put it like that.

Technician: No. And that's the truth.

Quest: That means you can take or leave sex?

Technician: Yes, precisely. I just don't understand why men presume that women want to be screwed morning noon and night, eight days a week, thirteen months of the year. I know it's different for men. They do have – like all males – a powerful sex urge. But it's not there in most women. Don't misunderstand that. I'm not saying that there aren't a great number of women who do like being banged all the time – just that I'm not one of them.

Quest: Now we get down to it. Tell me then why you said earlier that penis size is important in love-making?

Technician: It's just from my experiences with Gerald.

Quest: Tell me.

Technician: Well, as I said, he kept on at me to have sex – to do things to him.

Quest: Did you do any heavy petting?

Technician: No.

Quest: Why not?

Technician: I just don't like it.

Quest: If you've never done it, how do you know you don't like it?

Technician: Of course I have done it since, and it just doesn't do anything for me.

Quest: But you didn't fondle or play with Gerald's penis?

Technician: No.

Quest: Then how did your sexual encounters progress?

Technician: It was just kissing and that at first and then he wanted to touch me down there.

Quest: And you wouldn't let him.

Technician: Not all the time. I suppose that I did want to find out what it was like – sex, I mean. But I was scared, truly. And I drew the line at anything more.

Quest: Did he try to get you to touch his penis?

Technician: We would be holding hands in his room – that was one thing, too, he lived at home, which tended to make things more difficult. I had nightmares of somebody walking in and discovering us doing things and it getting back home.

Quest: Were your parents very strict?

Technician: Not about most things. I used

to get more or less what I wanted in the way of toys and things, but I remember mum used to say things when there was a love scene on television.

Quest: Like what?

Technician: One I remember was when a boy and girl – they weren't even undressed – were kissing passionately. I like kissing, I might add: Mum said that you shouldn't be French kissing until you were married.

Quest: I see. Do you think that perhaps your upbringing has influenced you sexually.

Technician: Of course it has. But I'd rather be like I am – which after all is *me* – than be some horrible swearing fornicating old bag. In a more liberal house I may have had different attitudes to sex.

Quest: We do seem to be getting away from the subject of you and Gerald.

Technician: Sorry, my fault. But the first time we did it, I was so scared and nothing happened.

Quest: And you blamed Gerald for having a small penis.

Technician: Basically.

Quest: To cover up your own disappointment, perhaps.

Technician: The thing was that I'd gone over to his house one Sunday afternoon with the intention of going into town to catch a picture show, but as it turned out his parents were out visiting and we were alone. Probably the first time that we'd had a real opportunity for sex. He must have had it all figured out beforehand. Anyway, the film he wanted to see was one of those awful spaghetti westerns and I can't stand westerns of any kind. We sat down on the settee and he put on some coffee to percolate and came back in and just more or less leapt on me. He was kissing me and had forced his tongue into my mouth and was exploring the crevasses in my teeth. That was all right and then he pushed me down and was on top of me with his hands running all over the place. I mean he'd been like that before but I'd managed to push him off or just say 'No'. But this time . . . In five seconds flat he'd got me pinned under him and had got my jumper rucked up over my titties, my blouse undone and had his hands squeezing and kneading my breasts. They're not very big and I hardly ever wore a bra – still don't. I was telling him to stop it but all he was saying was 'It's all right, no need to worry – I've got a thing.' But before I could do anything his hand had moved down between my legs and forced his way in there and then he started rubbing me and putting his fingers inside me and I thought I'd die. It was just different this time and it made me gasp and I suppose I just relaxed for I thought this was going to be it, that at last I'd find out what the other girls said they already knew. And that's when I became aware of his erection.

Quest: What did you do?

Technician: I felt it pressing into me through his trousers and he wriggled down a little and I felt his hot breath on my bosom and I went all goose bumpy and I felt my nipples go all tingly and swell up as he gently sucked one into his mouth and

started kneading the other breast with his hand. Then, he squirmed around a bit more and I felt him grab at my hand and he pulled it to his trousers, but I didn't get it out, all I did was to rub him from the outside which made him start panting like a mad thing and he was sucking quite hard on my nipples and I was getting more excited and then he went all rigid and mumbled something and a few seconds later I notice this wet patch develop in his trousers. Of course I knew he'd come, but like that it was so messy.

Quest: Did you have sex properly afterwards?

Technician: After about ten minutes or so, he got up and I tried to straighten myself out and he said that I shouldn't, that I should just wait and start playing with him. And then he got up a bit and took his pants and underpants off and I saw it for the first time. It looked just like the line drawings in my sex book – all hanging down and looking quite tiny against his balls. I said that I didn't know whether we should and he said it would be fine and I noticed it twitching, going upright again in little jerky motions. He practically pleaded with me – I just followed him. At least he did lead me upstairs and into his bedroom where we both undressed and got under the sheets. I was very excited and full of expectation, really. And when we got under the sheets, Gerald threw back the blankets so we were only covered by the sheet and he was lying with one leg bent up so that the sheet formed a little tent. And he was saying 'Look at it, isn't it lovely?' and it was all small and lying against his leg and looked ever so cute that I just began flicking at it with my finger – sort of using it as a punching bag and it began to grow again. In little jerky motions, until it was right round the other way and nudging his tummy.

Quest: What did you think of the size?

Technician: It looked quite small, I suppose. I must have been expecting too much.

Quest: And you just had intercourse?

Technician: We started kissing again and he climbed on top of me and started prodding at me there, really hurting me, which made me jump as he wasn't hitting the target. So, I put a hand down there and held it and guided it up to my lips, where I suddenly remembered that he didn't have his contraceptive on. So it all had to stop. He went to the wardrobe and brought out one in a foil packet and unravelled it. And then I realised that he was small because the contraceptive looked enormous and when he folded it up again and put it on, there was lots at the top, still unfurled, and the thing looked a bit baggy on him. Anyway, I guided him up to me again and I remember thinking 'Well, this is it,' and in he went. Very easily, so I must have been wet. But it was very painful, even though it didn't feel as if he was stretching me there. My thingy had already gone, by the way – probably because I used to ride a bike to school.

Quest: Did you climax?

Technician: Oh it was awful. Not only was it hurting me, but after he'd been in me for a little while – after about two or three

strokes he threw back the sheets so, he said, he could see me properly. He was up on his elbows and I could see his face leering at me, his hands all over my breasts and his bottom going up and down as he pushed into me. I had to grip my bottom lip between my teeth to stop myself crying and he thought it was a sign that I was worked up and started moaning and moaning, pushing deeper and deeper into me until I had to cry out and it just all seemed so obscene, especially when he rolled over and got me to be on top and I saw him looking up at me with his hands reaching up and squeezing my breasts. And then I felt him go absolutely still and he brought me down on top of him and we rolled on our side and I felt his hot breath on my nipples and I felt his thingy pumping inside me. And it was warm down there and I felt terrible.

Quest: But you became very attached to Gerald?

Technician: Later, we were thinking about getting engaged, but it was the sex thing.

Quest: You went on having sex together?

Technician: After that first time I was nearly in tears but Gerald said that it was like that the first time for a girl, that it would be better. It *did* get better, and I'm convinced that I had my first orgasm with Gerald – but after we'd been sleeping together for a long time.

Quest: And you split up.

Technician: After about two years, after I met Steve. In fact, it was Gerald who gave me the push, he found another girl.

Quest: And this upset you.

Technician: Sure it did, for at the time I was convinced that I really loved Gerald. Probably now I realise that it was infatuation. And anyway, Steve and I get on much better sexually.

Quest: His penis was bigger?

Technician: Probably not in length – it might be thicker though.

Quest: But you didn't have sex straight away with Steve.

Technician: No. I went through what I call my promiscuous period. Terrible really as I was seeing Steve and was screwing with other boys. Not many though. Three actually.

Quest: And how did they compare?

Technician: I don't remember.

Quest: You must, you don't forget things like that, if you see what I mean.

Technician: Average, I suppose.

Quest: And was Gerald below average?

Technician: He must have been because he didn't satisfy me.

Quest: Don't you think it could be your fault – that you have been sexually repressed at home, and that you're using this 'small penis' syndrome as an excuse for failing to keep Gerald. Really, I think that the problem might be yours, not his. Though now, at least, you seem to be developing a wider sexual outlook.

Technician: That's a load of rubbish.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three Sales representative, aged 32, divorced, town of origin Cardiff

This – male – interviewee, a cheerful, ebullient person, having moved from his town

of origin during childhood, grew up in a quiet rural community. After a brief early marriage which ended in a divorce when he was 20, he pursued a variety of sales jobs before settling in his present position. He lives in a spacious flat with his girlfriend.

Quest: Up to now we've been talking informally about your marriage and divorce, so could I start the interview by asking what the factors were that contributed towards the break-up?

Representative: I suppose basically you could trace everything back to what I thought were my own sexual inadequacies.

Quest: Could you be more specific?

Representative: I was worried about the size of my penis and these worries had a very adverse effect on my sex-life in general.

Quest: You imagined yourself to be too small?

Representative: Yes.

Quest: What made you think this?

Representative: It all stemmed from an incident that took place when I was in my teens – just out of school in fact as I'd started my first job. I was working for a small engineering concern as an office boy and general fetcher and carrier. There were a couple of lads there of about my own age – engineering apprentices – and we'd usually spend our lunchbreaks together. In common with all boys of that age, we had two topics of conversation: sport and sex. I was very impressed because they both claimed they'd already managed to have it away properly whereas the only experience I could point to was the occasional fumble in the pictures. I'd never actually gone the whole way, sexually speaking.

Quest: Yet your two friends had.

Representative: Yes, and with the same girl too. And she was someone I knew. Dorothy her name was. Actually I wasn't too surprised to discover that it was her, as she had something of a local reputation.

Quest: As an easy lay?

Representative: I wouldn't go as far as saying that, but it was well-known that she liked having a good time.

Quest: What was your reaction to your friends' disclosure that they'd had intercourse with the girl?

Representative: As I said, I was impressed, but I was also excited and intrigued too, because I reckoned there might be chances there for me. I asked Stan and Dave – these two blokes – what they reckoned my chances would be if I tried to date her. They both said that I wouldn't have any trouble. They more or less implied that for the price of a seat in the circle and a fish supper Dorothy was mine for the asking.

Quest: Did you ask her out?

Representative: Yes, it was a doddle. I went with Stan and Dave to this coffee bar I mentioned and they introduced us. We all had a cup of coffee and then amid much supposedly-secret nudging and winking they pushed off. I asked her if she'd go to the pictures with me the following night and she agreed. So the next night there I was in my best suit waiting outside the cinema with the princely sum of three quid in my pocket waiting for her. It makes you think, doesn't it. You really could have a

QUEST

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Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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fairly good evening out for that sort of money then.

Quest: Did you make any advances once the lights had gone down?

Representative: Yes, I put my arm around her and rested it as casually as I could on top of her breast. She didn't seem to mind. After a while we started necking, but we didn't feel each other or anything like that. I was getting quite excited underneath as I was sure I was going to get it, if you know what I mean. After the film we had a drink in a pub, which I thought was terribly adult as I was still under age of course. I remember she drank rum and blackcurrant which left this heavy, sweet smell on her breath. I was on bitter. I asked her if she wanted anything to eat, but she said she'd had a bite before coming out, so we stayed in the pub until closing time and then I asked if I could walk her home.

Quest: She agreed to this?

Representative: Quite readily. She didn't live far from the pub. A twenty minute walk I suppose and the way ran past this park. Well not a park exactly, more a heath sort of thing. It wasn't very big, but it was well-known among courting couples in the area. It seemed only natural to stop off and do some snogging on our way back; neither of us actually suggested it, we just wandered off the path and lay down on the grass. As it was summer, she was only wearing a cardigan over a light dress so I could get at her quite easily. I can remember how tremendous I thought it all was. She just lay there and let me undo her dress. I felt really pleased with myself as I thought I was doing terribly well – not fumbling or anything. I thought that she'd think I was awfully experienced. She had bra, pants and stockings under the dress and I stroked her through them, hardly daring to slip a finger inside or trying to undo them in case it might have spoiled the moment. After a while, she propped herself up on one elbow and asked, quite sharply, whether I was going to do anything or not. I was a bit taken aback. As you can probably imagine it shook me a bit. I fumbled getting her pants down and was still fumbling trying to get my trousers off when she asked whether I had anything.

Quest: Meaning a contraceptive presumably?

Representative: Yes.

Quest: Did you have one?

Representative: No. To be quite honest the thought had never entered my head. It was silly really as I always carried one around for show, but I'd left it in my other jacket. I'd never considered bringing it along.

Quest: What was her reaction?

Representative: She said I wasn't much bloody good, but she offered to give me a hand job. It was all getting a bit too much for me, so I let her carry on. My trousers were at half mast so she slipped her hand under the waistband of my underpants and got my cock out.

Quest: Did you have an erection?

Representative: Yes, I did. Perhaps not a real rock-hard one, but I was definitely up. When she got me out she giggled and said 'It's not very big, is it? Don't you like me?'

I mean if I'd been limp I could have understood, but I was as near as dammit up. I didn't know which way to look. I was so embarrassed that it had an instant deflating effect which made her even more amused. She stood up and in a very sarcastic way said 'Well, I must be going, thank you for a lovely evening. You can ask me out again when you're a bit bigger.' Of course that could have been the end of it there and then and given time I might have got over the incident fairly quickly, but as it was, she went and told Stan and Dave what had happened and they made life unbearable for a while.

Quest: How?

Representative: Oh taking the mickey about the supposed size of my cock in various subtle ways. It's funny how things like that get around in a small community. I couldn't go into the coffee bar for a week or so, because people I knew would look at me and grin and I knew what they all were thinking, so I stayed away.

Quest: Did this state of affairs last for very long?

Representative: Not really. As soon as the next bit of gossip came up they forgot all about me, but I was very badly affected by it all. It made me on the one hand painfully shy with girls, and on the other even more desperate to prove myself as a man. Even so, I was still a virgin when I got married. I was only 18, a year younger than my wife, but she'd had a couple of blokes before me. I didn't mind. I thought marriage would be a sort of cure-all as after that incident with Dorothy on the couple of occasions when I had got into a possible sex situation with other girls, I'd backed out at the last minute in case they laughed at me too. Susan, my wife, was, or rather seemed, a kind and sympathetic person. That's what originally attracted me to her.

Quest: But the marriage didn't work?

Representative: Unfortunately not. I just couldn't overcome my fears. Our sex-life was totally unsatisfactory. I could never get myself to talk to Susan about it, nice as she was. It all seemed so pathetic. I thought that though she might seem sympathetic on the surface, she might be laughing at me underneath and that's hardly a basis for a marriage, is it?

Quest: How did it end?

Representative: She went off with someone else in the end. I can't honestly blame her as I can't have been much fun.

Quest: Yet now, twelve years on, you live with a girl quite happily. How did you overcome your problem?

Representative: I've got Frances to thank for all that. I've known her for getting on seven years now and we've lived together for five years. I met her at this party given by one of my fellow reps and his wife. Frances was one of the wife's friends, if I remember right. Anyway, we got talking and I think I must have got a bit carried away as I found myself asking if I could run her home after the party. That was a bit unusual for me as generally, I kept very much to myself as far as women were concerned for the reasons I've already outlined. However, owing to the drink, or

maybe also because I really did quite fancy her, I offered a drive and she accepted. We left the party in the early hours and I drove her home. She told me she shared a flat with another girl, but that she was away for the weekend. When we arrived, she asked me in for a coffee which at first I refused.

Quest: Why was that?

Representative: I didn't want to get myself into the drive home/coffee/chat-up/bed bit, but she was quite insistent that I come in as she said she didn't like going alone into a dark flat. In the end I went in and of course we had coffee and then got to talking. She got some whisky out and fuelled by that, we nattered on for what seemed like hours. Eventually of course we started talking about boyfriends and girlfriends as she wanted to know why I hadn't been to the party with a girl. The reason she'd been alone was that she'd just ended this long relationship with a chap. For reasons I'll never know, I told her the whole story from start to finish. The Dorothy episode, my marriage, my hang-up, everything.

Quest: What was her reaction?

Representative: When I'd finished, she just said 'You poor man, what a dreadful time you've been having.' It was the way she said it more than anything. She sounded so genuinely sympathetic and sorry.

Quest: How did you feel?

Representative: I just felt relieved at having got it all off my chest after all that time.

Quest: What happened then?

Representative: We ended up in bed. It all happened very gradually and slowly. Not sexy really. I mean there was no ripping off clothes and sweaty orgasms. We just quietly got up and went into her bedroom, took our clothes off and got into bed.

Quest: Were you at all self-conscious about the size of your penis?

Representative: To begin with I was. I kept trying to 'accidentally' keep it covered. To be honest, our first try at sex was a bit of a disaster. I came very soon and thought I'd ruined the whole scene, but Frances very patiently got me hard again and the second and subsequent times were a whole lot better. As you can probably imagine it was quite an experience as it was the first time in my entire life that I had experienced sex of this nature and I was 25 for God's sake. Apart from Dorothy and my wife, I'd never basically had a girl, and the sensations I experienced with Frances were certainly nothing like those I'd experienced with my wife.

Quest: How so?

Representative: Well Frances has taught me to come to terms with myself. As it happens, my cock isn't that big, but as I've now at last found, that's no drawback to being a good lover. In fact, it can be a positive benefit, because when Frances is sucking me, she can get all of me into her mouth. I'm just grateful to Frances for showing me what a daft sod I was to get so het-up. My only regret is that there are probably loads of other silly buggers around who are like me and are losing sleep over it. It's not important, believe me.

Quest: Thanks.

Real Sex & Partners

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The handkerchief shielded his eyes again. I swore silently, shaking my head. Then plummy's chest heaved convulsively.

Mindless, I blurted, 'I'm glad we were able to show that, Miss Mortimer and I. It's not a fact I normally disclose, because it doesn't reflect very well on me professionally, but Miss Mortimer is, in fact, the only woman I have ever made love to; properly that is.' Feeling her tense behind me, I looked straight ahead. 'No other woman seems to be able to arouse me emotionally in quite the same way. What we have is particularly precious to me. Really I have no need to lie to you about that -'

Tomblike silence descended. Absurdly my ears began to burn. Caroline said quietly, 'I think we ought to be leaving now, darling. Perhaps you'd like to fetch the coffee from the kitchen.'

Buttoning my shirt, I blinked past her, plunged into a narrow kitchen at the hall's end, stood breathing deeply till I noticed a popping percolator.

When I went back with a loaded tray, Caroline was backing out of plummy's room. She whispered, 'I'll take it in.'

I glimpsed plummy, still in shadow, sitting upright. The door clicked to. Instantly Caroline returned, handing me my jacket.

'It's alright. He's settled up. We won't disturb him.' In silence we pulled the oak door to, crunched discordantly to the car, squeezed into the cold leather interior. I tickled the engine to life, idled it, toyed

with the head beams. Finally I looked at Caroline. 'Say it,' I said.

'What darling?' Her mock-innocent eyes gazed, withering me. 'About the terrible lie you told that old man, because I know for a fact you screwed at least three of my friends before you met me, not to mention the few you've had since?'

'I *knew* you wouldn't understand!' I smacked the dashboard. 'Can't you see, he needed me to say it. He'd only ever had one woman - whom he'd loved and wanted admittedly - but, even in his grief, he felt cheated, because he's unlikely to sleep with any more. Not like it was with her. He *needed* to be reassured. It's a completely masculine emotion. You have to understand that. And - 'I warmed to my theme' - I was only completing the performance, after all. Making it all as real as possible. That's what we were there for. To provide the kind of reality you don't get from books and films -'

I was gazing into the privet. Pausing, I found Caroline grinning at me covertly, little-girlish. 'You're so right, darling.

Snorting, I slipped into gear, jerked the MG away down the driveway, hesitated on the heath road then accelerated briskly. Rounding a curve, the head beams lassoed a couple on the heath side, linked hands dropping as the light hit them.

'You know,' mused Caroline, 'the old man wasn't unattractive. I'm sure he'll find himself a nice widow or divorcee.'

Glad to be sensible again, I nodded, changing gear. 'Once he gets over his grief. It'll

be a big strain, though, starting all over again.'

'Mmmm,' murmured Caroline, 'I don't know. He seemed alright when we left.'

I sniffed, slowing for a turn.

'With a sympathetic lie and a cup of coffee? He's going to need more than that.'

Caroline purred, 'And the blow job I gave him -'

Crunch went the gears as the car stalled; gaping, I pulled back from the dark wind-screen.

'You did what!'

Cat-eyes grinned at me.

'Maximum reality, darling. It is what we were there for; you did say that? And it did reassure him so much -'

I gazed at the roof.

'We have *rules*, Caroline - !'

She snuggled against me. 'And rule number one is to be authentic.' A slim hand squeezed my thigh. 'What's more real than that, darling? Isn't that real sex?'

'Oh Jesus - ' I flicked the ignition, slammed into gear, seeing nothing ahead. 'What kind of nightmare am I living with - ?'

Her pecked kiss on my neck tickled me, raging, I fought back the contagion of her absurd, unnerving smile.

'Pinch me,' she cooed, 'and find out. I'm very real -'

And resolution, hiding in a quarterlight, was instantly sapped. 'Oh God,' I grinned in horror, 'Caroline - !' And, our laughter drowning the boom of the car, we leapt away, off the dark heath, down into the neon glare of Finchley. ☘

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CAROLINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID HINTON

To say that 19-year-old raven-haired Caroline Coombe had big things in front of her would be a gross understatement. 'Not you too,' she grins, 'I get enough kidding about my boobs from other sources. Not openly, of course,

but you know what men are — the old nudge-nudge variety. Though, to my knowledge no one's ever complained, except me. The boys I go with certainly don't, but I sometimes feel that they're only interested because of my boobs.'





And it's for that reason that Caroline—37C—25—35—secretly admits that she wouldn't have minded being an inch 'and a cup size' smaller. 'When I was fourteen,' she says, 'I was like a boy and then all of a sudden, like Topsy, I grew and grew. My boyfriend kids me by saying that I won't stop growing till I'm twenty-one. I'd hate to contemplate the result if I ever went on the pill. I wouldn't,' she says, turning serious for a minute, 'not after that latest report. I just don't think it's worth that sort of risk. Anyway, where were we?' Caroline works as a veterinary assistant in a large London practice and when not helping look after other people's animals helps out at home where her parents breed pedigree Dalmatians. 'Cat and dog breeding is a business these days, though breeders never make a profit, what with vets bills, inoculations etc. but with puppies, it's different to kittens. You only keep puppies for seven weeks and you don't need to have them inoculated. But they eat an awful lot in that time. And it annoys me, the public's attitude to breeders and what they are willing to pay.'





'A breeder can sell a puppy to a top people's pet store for say fifty pounds and they'll sell it for perhaps double that. But the public wouldn't dream of paying that price to the breeder. Sounds very mercenary, doesn't it? But because of the high costs involved breeding is very much what you'd probably term an upper class hobby. The Countess of Harewood shows Burmese cats, the Queen races and breeds pigeons.

I sound a bit like Cruella DeVile, don't I? I'm not in anyway and deplore breeders who treat it as a business. My only trouble is that I can hardly bring myself to part with the puppies, especially if one has picked *me* out, but obviously with three bitches and a dog, we've run out of room. Perhaps we'll turn to Chihuahuas. When I get my own house I'll breed collies as I think they're undoubtedly the prettiest dogs.'



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LETTERS

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utes we were pressing into each other, my knee was between her parted thighs, and my tongue was in and out of her mouth like a piston. Our time being limited, we just managed to agree what numbers we would be when either of us had to be outside.

Naturally, I was horny as a randy bull, but the big question was what to do about it? The problem was solved when a new game was suggested. This was simply that the chaps sat in a darkened room, holding lighted cigarettes. The girls entered one by one and chose a partner from the glow of his cigarette, then she sat on his knee and they petted and canoodled for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes.

Because of the parents it was agreed that as soon as every boy and girl had paired off, a single lamp would be switched on – in those days a darkened room was considered dangerous no matter how good the girls and boys might be. A quick look at Eileen and then at an easy chair in the far corner of the room told her what she wanted to know.

Sure enough I bagged the chair and when she came in – she made sure she was one of the first – she made straight for me. Sitting with her back towards the rest of the room and cradled in my left arm, we started to exchange deep French kisses whilst my right hand lightly caressed her full rounded breasts, then her thighs, and inevitably ended pressed hard into her mount of Venus. Through the thin material of her dress I could feel her pubic curls – which for a young girl were very prolific. Soon she was extremely randy so that I met with no opposition when I slipped my right hand beneath her dress and pushed her thighs apart to permit me to insert a couple of fingers in her – by now – very hot and moist pussy. I had an almighty hard-on and thought it time to do something about it and so I undid my fly and brought it forth. Bearing in mind the peculiar position we were in it seemed sensible to raise her thighs and push her dress up at the back so that my cock now stood proudly between her thighs, just above her knees. Whatever had been in

our minds up to this point no longer mattered. We were both horny and the sensible course seemed for me to push my prick into her pussy, which – with her willing co-operation – I proceeded to do by having her raise herself just enough to enable me to point John Thomas in the right direction, and then lower herself right on him, which she managed without much difficulty. She then arranged her dress so that to all intents and purposes she was simply sitting on my lap. I think the fact that I was completely engulfed in her had a settling effect because I remember quite clearly how gently she moved herself against me so that the actual fucking was being done by her.

I remember also how she amazed me by telling me how lovely it felt, and me starting to ask her if she had done it before when... disaster struck. The sitting room door opened, the top light was switched on, and her mother announced that supper was ready.

Imagine – all the other couples sitting around petting, and to all appearances we were the same. The only difference came while the others were starting to disengage – we were well and truly coupled and what is more, on the verge of orgasm. I remember very vividly that although my own urge was checked by the shock, Eileen pushed very hard down on me and whispered 'I've come'. By now the others were drifting out of the room but Eileen's mother was still in the doorway, telling her to 'come along and help with the supper'.

It's hazy now, but I remember how cleverly she bent over to adjust her shoe – which enabled my by now more manageable cock to slide out of her pussy. Then she put her hands behind her and as she started to get up, smoothed her dress down behind her and also stood in front of me just long enough for me to push my cock into my pants. I managed to turn as I rose and thus made sure my pants were not gaping at the fly before I quickly made for the shelter of the nearby bathroom.

L G, Surbiton, Surrey

I have often – and still do – read my husband's *Mayfair*, particularly the letters and Quest. Recent Quest investigations on surreptitious sex were most fascinating as they

brought back an incident which happened to me.

My husband is in the construction business and took an overseas appointment. At first I craved for sex but after a few months settled down to live without it, so to speak. We lived quite close to his relatives and one in particular Sandra (name changed), his cousin, who was aged fifty but looked forty was living with her boyfriend, Jim (name changed) who was about forty. Jim had a reputation for trying his luck with various other female members of the family and I was excited at my own prospects as over the years I had grown to fancy him.

I was spending an evening at their house when the phone rang. Jim answered it but the call was for Sandra. After she left the room Jim came and sat on the sofa next to me and said quite calmly, 'Can I fuck you?' Well, I was taken aback and harshly replied 'No you can't,' and at that I got up and went into the kitchen. I was filling the kettle when I felt Jim behind me. He quickly kissed my neck and said 'Please.' I in turn told him to bugger off. 'I don't go with anyone else,' I added. He sat on the kitchen table with his hands resting on my bottom. I said that if he didn't let go I'd speak to Sandra. He removed one hand and I could hear him fumbling. He shouted to Sandra and asked how long she'd be on the phone. No answer came. The next thing I knew he had ripped down my panti-hose and knickers and had slipped himself between my legs. I tried to get away but he was too strong.

He turned me round and entered me from behind and pounded away till he came. He withdrew and quickly left the room. I pulled my knickers and tights up and tried to feel emotional but there was nothing there. I reboiled the kettle and was filling the teapot when Sandra came in. She asked if I was all right because I looked as though I'd had a fright. Finally we went back to the front room and for a long time I couldn't look at Jim. Sandra got up to go to the toilet and it didn't take Jim long to realise she wouldn't be back for a while. He was over to me like a rocket. He helped me out of my jumper and bra and unzipped my skirt. He eased my knickers

turn to page 111

HOUSE OF PAN

We present a small selection from the "House of Pan" range of sexual aids, prosthetics and lingerie. You can use our mail-order service with complete confidence — All orders are despatched on the same day.



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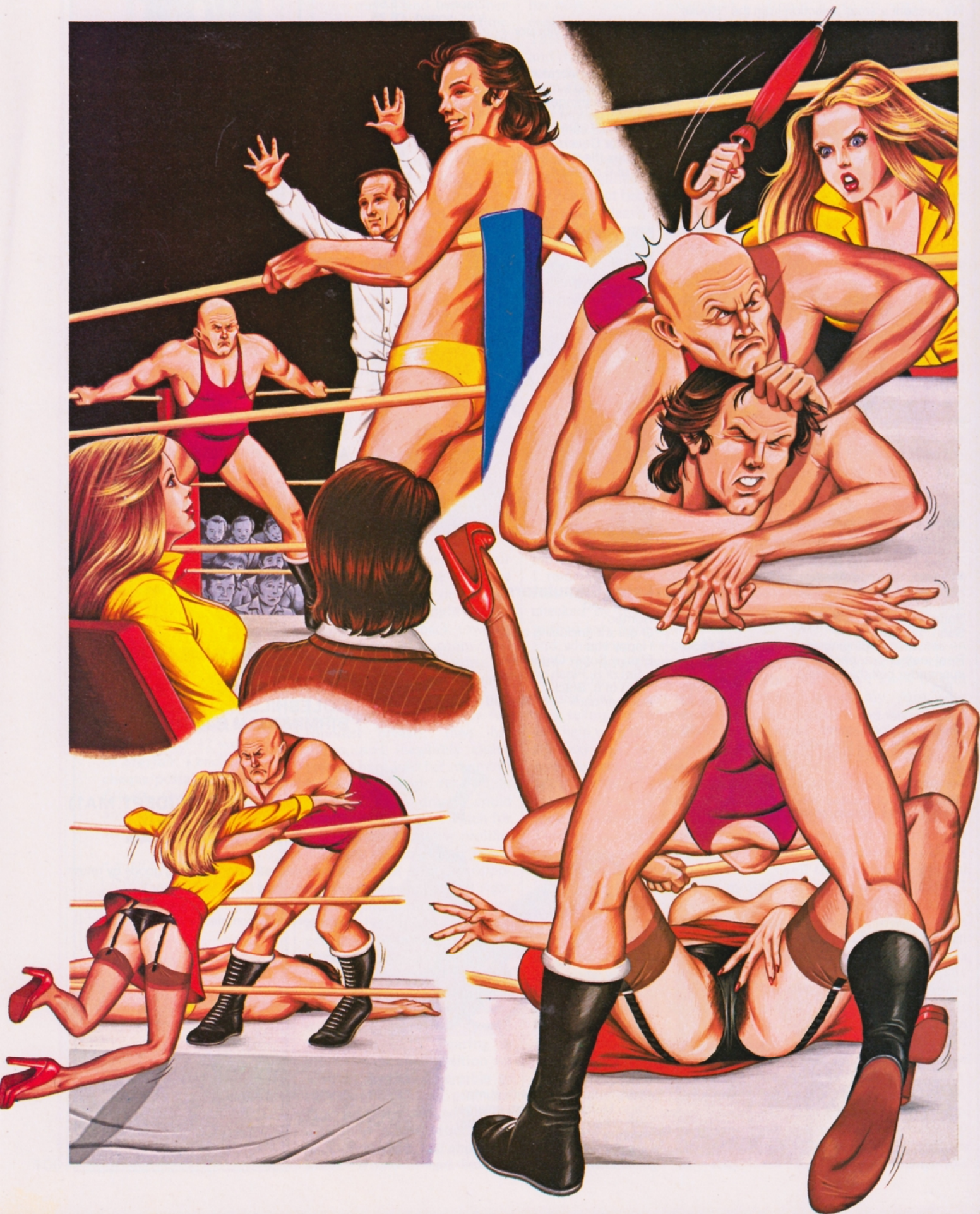
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1 MF 14

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LETTERS

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and tights down. I really wanted him again and the excitement of doing it with Sandra around really turned me on. He put me on the floor and raised my legs. He had his trousers down and his cock was large. He thrust himself inside me and then came out and turned me over and entered me doggy-style. I was scared of Sandra coming in again and I couldn't reach orgasm. Jim turned me over again and we started screwing again in the missionary position but this time he started sucking on my breasts and I climaxed for the first time. We heard Sandra coming downstairs so Jim got up, did up his trousers and went to head her off while I dressed.

For the remainder of my husband's overseas stay Jim and I had many such encounters.

A R, Farnborough, Hants

The Quest series on surreptitious sex was most enlightening and brought to mind an incident from my own experience. I was having an affair with a lovely girl who had an equally lovely sister married to a rather stick-in-the-mud estate agent. Frances was an ideal sex partner. Very beautiful, always elegantly dressed, a witty conversationalist before, during and after sex, and always – but always – ready to indulge.

I groped her in every type of place you can imagine – cinema, theatre, café, in taxis, on the top deck of a bus, at parties, in a boat on a lake – and she loved every minute of it. I had met her sister, Linda, once or twice but always she had been with her husband or other people, so I really didn't know her that well. She was two or three years older than Frances, equally beautiful and with the same take-your-breath-away figure. It was a mystery to me why she had married such a dull, pipe-smoking, not-much-to-say-for-himself chap. Frances thought it was for security, certainly not for his prowess in the marital bed as Linda had told her he was strictly a Saturday night man, and then it was 'roll over, open your legs, put it in, bang-bang and "good night darling".'

Often when Frances and I were having our usual sexy talk she would tell me how much Linda fancied me and how she always

wanted to know every minute detail of what we had done the last time we had made love. Frances said to me 'You know, darling, you're going to have to do her one day if it's only to give her the chance to tell me what you did to her. She really gets worked up when I give her a blow-by-blow account of one of our sessions.' 'I hope you tell her,' I said to Frances, 'that I do fancy her and would love to give it to her.' 'Of course I do,' she replied, 'by now she knows as much about your body as I do. I guarantee that if the opportunity ever arises, she'll open her legs before you get your thing out. In fact there was one occasion when I stayed with them overnight when John, who had to be up early the next morning suggested that he'd sleep in the spare room while I slept with Linda. The moment we put out the light Linda asked me about the last time you and I had made love. By the time I had mentioned you going down on me and then putting a pillow under my bottom before entering me, she was so horny she was wriggling all over the bed with her fingers inside her pussy.'

I suggested a little thought on how it could be arranged for me to make love to Linda. A few days later Frances told me she had been invited to Sunday supper the following week. I didn't catch on to what was on the cards until after supper that day when Frances announced that she wanted to play chess with John while I helped Linda with the washing-up.

While we cleared the table John set up the chess table by the fire. Linda said she would wash if I'd dry and by the time Frances and I had taken the last tray into the kitchen I could see that she was making short work of the washing-up. Making sure John was busy, Frances made a fuss about me wearing an apron, then just before leaving us she said, 'Darling, you know how much you admire my bottom? Well what do you think of this?' and lifted Linda's dress up at the back to expose a delectable bottom encased in lacy French knickers and a frilly black suspender belt. 'Make the most of it, you two,' Frances said as she left the kitchen.

So there we were, Linda bent over the sink, her dress up to

turn to page 112

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LETTERS

continued from page 111

her waist, her lovely bottom invitingly displayed – my penis was hard as iron, I crossed the kitchen and pressed up against her as my hands went around her to grasp her full breasts. Automatically she turned her head so we could kiss, only it was her tongue that went deep into my mouth as she strained back against me. Without breaking the kiss I moved my right hand down to unbutton my pants and bring out my cock which promptly pushed hard into the

back of her pussy. Then I could feel her legs opening, so I pushed the flimsy knickers to one side and thrust right into her as far as I could. Moving back from the sink she rested her hands on the edge so that she was almost bent in half. I now slipped both hands round her waist and up under her dress so that I could feel her mass of pubic hair and play with her clitoris. As I drove in and out she whispered 'I suppose you know that I've wanted to fuck with you ever since we first met.' I told her that I too had wanted her. Whilst we were talking I placed a hand on both her

thighs at the front and lifted her up so that she had to support her weight on her arms on the sink and this enabled me to thrust even further into her. Without thinking I asked if she had come. 'I came,' she said, the minute you entered me and I've been coming ever since.' Not wanting to finish too quickly, I sat her down and withdrew. She now turned to face me, catching hold of my penis and running her hand under my balls. My hand was still playing with her and she was writhing against it like a woman possessed. I whispered something about the washing-up as I

didn't fancy John coming in and seeing us like that. She agreed we should complete the job and suggested we visit the sitting room to see how the game was progressing. John was completely absorbed in the game. Much to my surprise, however, before I could rejoin Linda in the kitchen she appeared and said she wanted to show me some photo albums of their holidays, but added – very smartly, 'I thought – that we would look at them in the kitchen so as not to disturb the game.'

Back in the kitchen Linda spread the albums on the table, then opened my fly, pulled me out and motioned me to sit on the table, which I did, whereupon she bent over and started to fellate me. While she was sucking and tongueing my balls I had both her gorgeous tits in my hands and was squeezing and kneading them. I lifted her head away, and getting off the table made her take my place with her legs spread wide apart and her dress up over her waist, and her delicious love-box exposed for my pleasure. Bending down I tongued her slit until she whispered 'Oh, please fuck me again' which I did and this time we really hit the bell together.

S C, London SW15

I was pleased to see in the Christmas issue 'Miss Carstairs and her First Class Carriage' – the set featuring a girl stripping on a train.

How about doing a set in a Victorian doctor's surgery? The girl – preferably Leela from *Dr Who* – could be coyly undressing behind a screen, then lying on an examination couch.

I was once lucky enough to have a flat which overlooked a doctor's surgery. The old chap frequently forgot to draw the curtains which made life pretty interesting as his more attractive female patients invariably had to take off all their clothes. I have had fantasies about this ever since and am sure that a series of photographs taken against a Victorian clinical background could prove very erotic.

J W, Exeter

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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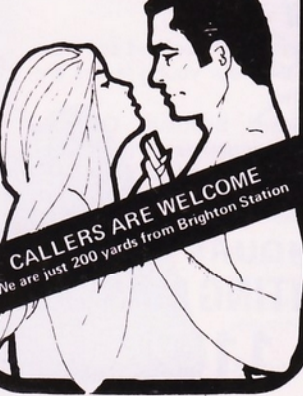
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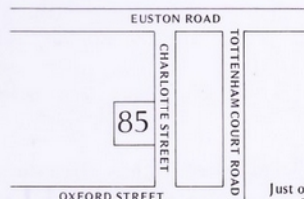
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